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DECEMBER 10, 1951

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LVIII NO. 24

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He didn't know that his were forewarnings of

His doctor's check-up
prompt treatment prevented

WHEN can a backache be really dangerous?

Any persistent pains in the back or neck can be warnings of a serious body disorder. Particularly when they are accompanied by a stiffness, a general underpar feeling or a sense of fatigue. What may seem to be only an every-now-and-then backache may be an early symptom of rheumatoid arthritis, a painful disease that often strikes in the spine, sometimes leaving its victims with a deformed stoop for life.

If you have backaches frequently—even a slight stiffness in the back or neck—you should have a thorough examination by a physician. Your particular backaches could be simple neuralgia, or they could be the result of a muscular strain.

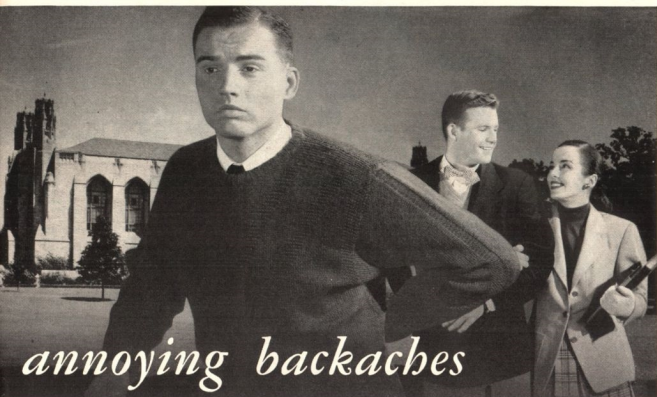
Possibly they're from a kidney disorder. Your doctor alone is qualified to tell you whether your trouble is relatively minor or as serious as crippling rheumatoid arthritis. Not long ago, rheumatoid arthritis meant a life of misery and disability. But today many victims can hope for a return of full activity and normal living, and others can avoid the pain and deformities.

Don't gamble with your health

Don't try to treat persistent backaches with "cure-alls." Delaying the proper treatment can be disastrous in the case of rheumatoid arthritis. Don't gamble with your health. It will cost you less in the long run to see a doctor, for he can treat the

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living





annoying backaches

a crippled, "stooped" back

found the cause and
permanent spinal damage

cause of your troubles—not just the symptoms.

Physicians have recently found that the use of new hormone drugs in treating rheumatoid arthritis often results in over-all relief and improvement surpassing any other treatment ever used. People who formerly suffered from partial disablement are now leading normal lives free of pain.

Behave intelligently

Make an appointment today to see your doctor. If you don't have a family physician, get one now. Let him look you over and run tests if necessary, tell you what to do to keep well and fit. He can put your mind at ease, correct body disorders.

Let the doctor decide

Today, all of medicine's amazing recent discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs are at your doctor's command.

Armour is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. ACTHAR (A. C. T. H.-Armour), one of the most effective of these new hormone drugs, represents the results of many years of research by Armour in collaboration with leading investigators. ACTHAR is available to you only through a doctor's prescription. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let HIM decide. Make an appointment today to see your doctor.

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who help with
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LETTERS

Bicuspid & Bifocals

Sir:

Supporters of the plan for socialized medicine and dentistry should take a good look at the teeth of Russia's Vishinsky, as seen in the Nov. 19 issue.

The government does seem to have wangled bifocals for him—probably so he can read the fine print in his Moscow orders.

MRS. C. W. KIETZMAN

Milford, Ohio

Familiar Cry

Sir:

As a follow-up to your exhaustive and definitive Nov. 3 study of "The Younger Generation," may I suggest you undertake a like survey of "Marriage in the U.S."?

The writer, for one, is endlessly baffled and fascinated at the never-ending plunge of the American male, lemming-like, into the sea of matrimony, to sink beneath the waves of department- and specialty-shop bills . . . to say nothing of the storms of abuse, vilification, contempt and scorn from his wife and daughters . . . Nobody but a hopeless fool would sacrifice his freedom for such a horrible reward . . .

The American husband can expect to be looked on as nothing more than a branch of the Chase National Bank . . . Other than this, he is considered totally useless—a big boob, to be pushed around unmercifully . . . And yet . . . the men go right ahead and put their head in a noose . . . Why, I ask, WHY?

GILBERT K. SMITH

New York City

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TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1951



PROGRESS AGAINST PNEUMONIA

One of the major achievements of medical science is the progress that it has made against pneumonia. A recent study shows, for example, that for every person who now succumbs to pneumonia, three or four were claimed by it as recently as 15 years ago. This gain has been made possible by improved methods of treatment—including increasingly effective medicines.

Yet, pneumonia is still an important disease—especially among infants and elderly people. It takes an annual toll of about 50,000 lives. Doctors say that this toll could be reduced if the skills of medical science were used *promptly*—at the first signs of pneumonia. This is because the new antibiotic drugs work best when given in the early stages of this disease. So, during the winter everyone should be alert to these warning symptoms of pneumonia:

1. A severe, shaking chill followed by fever.

2. Coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the chest.

3. The appearance of rust-colored sputum.

4. Difficult or labored breathing.

Certain types of pneumonia may occur without these symptoms. However, if they do appear, call a doctor promptly, go to bed, and remain quiet.

Remember, too, that a neglected cold—particularly if accompanied by fever only a degree or so above normal—may be a forerunner of pneumonia. Even if fever does not occur, it is always wise to take care of a cold, especially one that “hangs on.” Stay home and rest if you can, eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

While medical science can assure recovery from respiratory infections in a vast majority of cases, *prevention* is still largely

up to you. To guard against pneumonia—as well as colds, influenza, and other respiratory conditions—the following precautions are advisable:

Try to build up your resistance: get plenty of sleep, avoid excessive fatigue, and eat a well-balanced diet.

Dress warmly when going out, especially during cold, damp weather.

Keep away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

The wisest precaution of all, however, is to keep in the best possible physical condition—for those with the most resistance and vigor have a definite advantage in avoiding pneumonia and other winter ailments.

Metropolitan's booklet, 152T, “Respiratory Diseases,” contains helpful information on many respiratory ailments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon for a copy.

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Princeton's Kaz

Sir:
The selection of Princeton's Kazmaier for the Nov. 19 cover, and the article on Princeton football, was a refreshing bit of sunshine on the cloudy sports picture. Well done!

R. E. STURHAHN
(Princeton '22)

Webster Groves, Mo.

Sir:
Congratulations . . . A shining example of intercollegiate athletics at their best . . .

WILLARD S. DANSER
(Princeton '13)

Trenton, N.J.

Sir:
How about the picture you showed of Dick Kazmaier's dad; am I wrong when I say that he is a ringer for "Red" Grange?

JOHN S. O'BRIEN

North Andover, Mass.

See cuts.—ED.



KAZMAIER SR.

JAMES COYNE, International
RED GRANGE

Sir:
Having been fortunate enough to work with both Dick Kazmaier and Charlie Caldwell I am gratified to read such a realistic account. Their attitude toward football and athletics in general is refreshing amid the great over-commercialization of college football.

(LIEUT.) GEORGE A. CHANDLER
1950 Princeton football captain
Fort Sill, Okla.

Sir:
On any Saturday afternoon of any year, Richard Kazmaier of Princeton would not gain five yards against a Notre Dame team.

TOM KEISER

Tallahassee, Fla.

Why not? Navy, which lost to both Notre Dame and Princeton, managed to gain 128 yards and make ten first downs against the Irish.—ED.

Beware, Says Country Cousin

Sir:
"Oddly enough, say the psychologists, more rural children than urban are afraid of animals" (TIME, Nov. 19).

It isn't odd at all. Most rural children know the male animal is dangerous and that under certain circumstances the female can be deadly, too. When our city cousins come to call, we cross our fingers and hope they'll survive.

RUTH ADAMS

Porterville, Calif.

Senescent Gynophobes

Sir:
In your Nov. 19 review of the *Short Novels of Colette*, you speak of the eminent writer as being "now a distinguished member

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of the French Academy." Since when has that body of so-called immortals, serene synophones, honored Madame Colette? I know that she is the president of the lesser *Académie Goncourt*, and followed the Comtesse de Noailles as a member of the Belgian *Académie Royal de Langue et de Littérature Française*. But her membership in the *Académie Française* is news to me, as indeed it must be to that body itself.

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL
New York City

¶ TIME regrets having elected Author Colette to one academy too many.—Ed.

Man of the Year?

Sir:

May I nominate Dwight D. Eisenhower as Man of the Year? On his shoulders rests the hope of the civilized world.

GEORGE D. LEWIS
Manchester, Conn.

Sir:

My vote is a toss-up between John Foster Dulles and his Japanese Peace Treaty, or Mr. Acheson for his handling of the [San Francisco] conference. If the Republican Party would stop looking for a politician and try a statesman for a change, either of these might do also.

(REV.) M. A. CAYLEY
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

I would like to nominate General Douglas MacArthur. He has served his country well.

ALF WARKENTIN
Steinbach, Manitoba
Canada

Sir:

The Man of 1951? That honor must be shared by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois...

...and General Dwight D. Eisenhower...
ROBERT E. THOMPSON

Indianapolis

Sir:

... General Mark W. Clark...
EBERHARD P. DEUTSCH

New Orleans

Sir:

A great governor who has done so much to make California a great state, and who would make even a greater President: Earl Warren.

H. A. BERLINER

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

... John Foster Dulles...
LEWIS H. LANCASTER JR.

Kingsport, Tenn.

McEvoy Marriage

Sir:

Your Nov. 19 story of the tragic death of my friends Freddy and Claude McEvoy is not correct in all its details. They were married in the garden of the Windsor Hotel in Nassau. I performed the ceremony, and the best man was John Perona of El Morocco, with Mrs. Duncan McMartin as matron of honor.

(REV.) WILL ARMSTRONG

The Methodist Church
Ancon, Canal Zone

Hypocritical?

Sir:

Many Indian dignitaries have criticized the lack of understanding many Americans show toward India and Indian problems. How about the other way around? In "Old-Shoe Diplomacy" (TIME, Nov. 19), doesn't it seem

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**T.M. Pending

a bit hypocritical for the Indian to ask Ambassador Chester Bowles about lynchings in the U.S. . . . when the millions of untouchables present quite a problem of human relations in India?

It is my understanding that the untouchables are in a more desperate position than the American Negro.

(PVT.) JOHN L. SAUER JR.

Fort Jackson, S.C.

A Member of the Company

Sir:

TIME [Nov. 26] erred in its inclusion of me among the members of the Playwrights' TV Theater, among the members of which has no relation to the Playwrights' Company (for the production of stage plays) of which I am a member. However, I beg to applaud Elmer Rice's action in resigning and his admirable statement, which you quoted, of his reasons therefor.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

New York City

Monstrous Mistake (Cont'd)

Sir:

I was rather intrigued, to say the least, by Mr. Ole Clausen's Nov. 5 letter concerning the supposed incapability of the American people for self-government. Most of the men here who have read the letter feel that either our Danish friend was indulging in a bit of sarcastic humor, or he's one of the most biased and unenlightened demagogues this side of the Iron Curtain . . .

Perhaps Denmark would like to apply for admission as a protectorate of Britain. I doubt it. My advice would be for both of them to renounce their outdated monarchies and apply for admission as a protectorate of Canada . . .

J. H. STRANDQUIST

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Sir:

I agree with your reader, Ole G. Clausen of Copenhagen. I believe the 1776 war was the greatest mistake in modern history. The cause of the war could have been settled by a dozen men around a conference table when disagreement first appeared . . .

A. L. SMITH

Montreal, Canada

"To Speak Truth of Caesar"

Sir:

I am pleased that you reported Professor Hight's remarks in the Nov. 12 issue . . . Mr. Hight regards Caesar as "a crook and a traitor" because he believes in political liberty and dreads the appearance in this country of a man of Caesar's intelligence and ambition. Dante regarded Caesar as the savior of the temporal world and the human counterpart of the divine Christ, because Dante believed in a world state, abhorred the misery caused by international wars, and had himself experienced the brutal anarchy of the Italian democracies.

Some of Mr. Hight's contemporaries, a little more pessimistic than I, regard Caesar as the noblest of patriots because they see in the Roman republic of Caesar's day and in the American republic of today a hopeless corruption. Disgusted with the ignorant and brutal clowns who are today performing in all parts of the world, they hope that it will be our good fortune to have at last a master as intelligent, as cultivated and as clement as Caesar . . . The real Caesar was known only to Caesar, but it is the mark of the very greatest men that they reflect the endless perplexities and the eternal problems of mankind.

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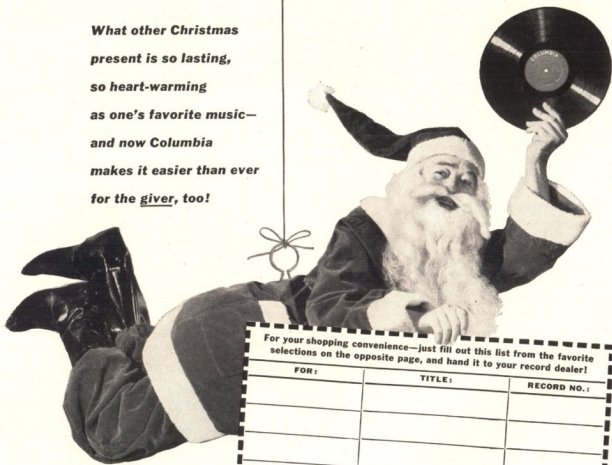
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One For My Baby. Frankie Laine. To Be Worthy of You, She Reminds Me of You, Song of the Islands, One for My Baby. CL-6200*.

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Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer and If It Doesn't Snow on Christmas. Gene Autry. MJV-56*.

Frosty The Snow Man and When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter. Gene Autry. MJV-75*.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas and Jingle Bells. Arthur Godfrey. MJV-88*.

Pappy The Puppy and He'll Be Coming Down The Chimney. Gene Autry. MJV-122*.

Grandfather Kringle and The Twelve Days of Christmas. Burl Ives. MJV-124*.

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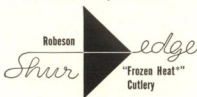
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Norman Alastair Duncan Macrae is
the second half of a writer-exchange
project worked out between TIME Editor
T. S. Matthews and Editor Geoffrey
Crowther of the London *Economist*.
I wrote you about the first half
when we sent TIME Writer Bill McHale
to work for the *Economist* for three
months (TIME, March 19).

When Macrae came here on Oct. 5
to bring the project
full circle, I asked him to keep
a diary of his im-
pressions of the U.S. and of writing for
TIME. He has just given me the diary,
which he says "was done at odd mo-
ments and may sound disjointed." Dis-
jointed or no, I thought I would pass
along to you the parts I enjoyed most.

Wrote Macrae: "Anybody who comes
to TIME from an English
paper spends the voyage
over mentally trying to turn
500-word newspaper stories
into 500-word TIME
stories—and goes crazy as
a result. He invariably
finds himself putting too
many adjectives into bed
with each noun. But the
real test comes when you
try to translate a 1,500-
word newspaper story into
a 200-word TIME story."

After he started working here, Mac-
rae discovered that "the vast mass of
research that goes into a TIME story,
especially a cover story, simply stag-
gers anybody coming into the organ-
ization from outside. For a cover story,
as much material is gathered as some
biographers in England would collect
for a full-length biography.

"But the sort of story that is really
enthralling to see unfold is that which
starts with two opposite statements of
opinion from two different informants.
The spider's web of interviews check-
ing these opinions from sources across
the country—converging into a mass
of evidence that leads to a conclusion
which is usually somewhere between
the two—is always apt testimony to
TIME's very wide coverage. The re-
search behind such stories has very
much the same appeal as a detective
story, with the story itself serving as
the final chapter."

During two days in Washington
Macrae was easily able to see all the
Government officials he had hoped to
meet, and observed: "Washington is
the only capital city that I know of
where Congressmen and Senators fall
over themselves to be able to call news-
men by their first names, instead of the
other way round."

TIME's Thursday-to-Monday editorial
work week led to this analysis:
"At Friday lunch, when everybody has
been immersed for 24 hours reading
the research for each story, conver-
sation imperceptibly
tends toward discus-
sion of high issues.

By Saturday lunch,
everybody is busy
writing the stories;
conversation then
tends to be scattered with suggestions
for pithy statements. By Sunday lunch,
the conversation centers round the im-
possibility of fitting several gallons of
material into a pint pot. By Monday
the atmosphere is much more cheerful.
On Thursday everyone is saying that
last week's magazine was an exception-
ally good one after all—especially in
other people's sections."

Macrae listed some overall impres-
sions. "Main joy from America: over-
whelming hospitality, and
the feeling of being a cus-
tomer instead of a worm
when looking round your
well-stocked shops. Main
disappointment: Broad-
way. Main surprise: the
way veterans of the war
are being called back to the
colors. This is certainly a
fact that should be plugged
by your information ser-
vices over in Europe, where
news of this sort of step

would silence the anti-Americans much
more effectively than figures about dol-
lar expenditures on arms."

Macrae was terrified by Manhattan
cab drivers, who "always seemed to be
leaning back and talking to you, ami-
ably and volubly, from the moment
they heard your accent. It seems they'd
all served in England during the war."

No stranger to travel, Macrae was
born in 1923 in East Prussia, where his
father was a vice consul, spent his first
eight years in Königsberg, Dunkirk and

Porto Alegre, Bra-
zil. After return-
ing to England
to go to boarding
school, he spent
his summers rejoining his parents in
such places as Zagreb and Moscow. As
an R.A.F. navigator during the war, he
trained in Canada and England, then
spent the rest of the war in the Far
East, "dropping corned beef into the
army in Burma and leaflets on the
Japanese."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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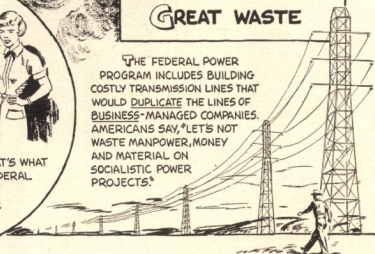
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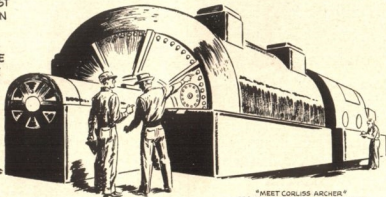


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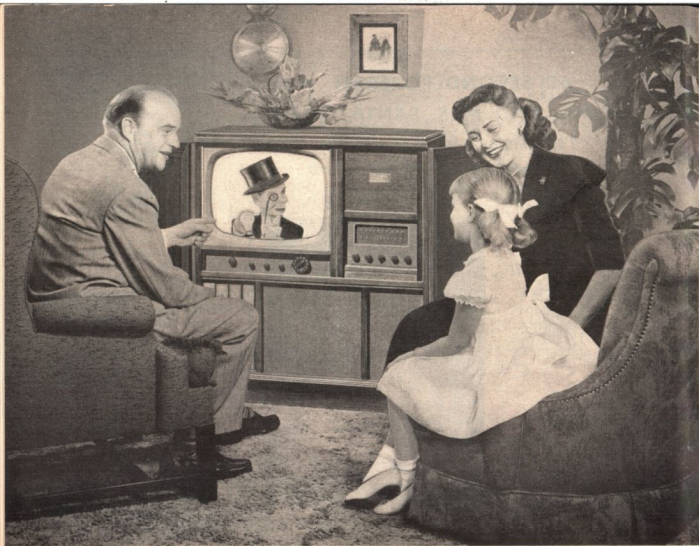


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THE NATION

The Seldom-Fire

The deadly prattle of machine guns fell silent, like an embarrassed gap in conversation. On Korea's freezing hillsides, U.N. soldiers smoked casually in the open and talked of home. On the 3rd Division's front (see WAR IN ASIA), a lieutenant told his men: "There has been an order for a cease-fire, men. Did you get that? A cease-fire." A front-line Associated Press dispatch from Korea reported: "Orders

restrained anger. "I hope everyone understands now that there has been no cease-fire in Korea and that there can be none until an armistice has been signed . . . The continued pressure of our forces on the enemy constitutes the strongest incentive for the latter to agree to a just armistice."

Stuffing his script into his pocket, Harry Truman added that he wanted to give the reporters a lecture on fake stories about cease-fires and armistices. He recalled that he had been marching his battery down a road in France on Oct. 27, 1918,

soon a White House official rushed back to the press room with one of the now-familiar "clarifications" of the President's remarks. After refreshing his memory, said the official, the President was not sure it was Roy Howard's report. But Howard had put out a false armistice report on Nov. 7, and the President wanted it understood how much harm false reports create.

New Puzzle. All this seemed like a tremendous effort to demolish news reports. It became apparent that what bothered



U.S. SOLDIERS RELAX ON KOREA'S "LITTLE GIBRALTAR"
Puzzled men in a puzzling war.

Associated Press

from the highest source, possibly from the White House itself, brought the ground fighting to a complete, if temporary, halt."

In Key West, President Harry Truman saw the A.P. dispatch and spluttered like a pinwheel. The Pentagon fired off a demand to Tokyo for an explanation. From Washington, J.C.S. Representative Major General John E. Hull and the State Department's Deputy Undersecretary H. Freeman Matthews hustled down to Key West. After hurried conferences, a statement was issued flatly denying the A.P. report. In Korea, the Eighth Army's General James Van Fleet said that an order of his had been "misinterpreted" by subordinate commanders.

Angry Lecturer. Next day, standing with his feet planted wide, Harry Truman read a prepared statement to assembled reporters in a voice that crackled with

when someone handed him a French paper with a headline announcing that an armistice had been signed. Just then a 150-mm. shell burst about 100 yards away on one side of the road, and then another on the other side. That story was put out by Roy Howard (president of Scripps-Howard newspapers), said Truman, and it was a fake. The A.P. story on the cease-fire was a parallel. He understood, he said, that such stories came out because of intense competition between reporters, but it seemed to him that the welfare of the United States, the United Nations and the world was much more important than any competitive situation.

Then Truman sat down, twisting his fingers. Two aides whispered to him that he had the date wrong. No, said the President brusquely, he had the date in his diary and remembered it very well. But

the White House was the idea that the President had ordered the cease-fire. Truman did not want a letdown in morale either in the U.S. or on the Korean front. Nor did he want the Communists to get any idea that he was ready to try appeasement. The Communists' goal is a cease-fire without other agreements. The U.S. wants a cease-fire, plus inspection behind both lines to prevent buildups for a surprise attack, and an agreement for exchange of prisoners.

On the fighting front, if not a cease-fire, at least a "seldom-fire" was on even after the Truman flap. The Korean war, limited in the early stages on the U.N. side by Washington's long-term reluctance to "provoke" the Reds, now had a new and puzzling limitation which would or would not make sense, depending on what happened in the truce negotiations.

INVESTIGATIONS

Late Fall Housecleaning

While investigators continue to unfold layers of corruption in the Federal Government, a new and insistent theme is beginning to run through Democratic oratory. It is designed to show that the Truman Administration is a fighting foe of corruption, determined to clean out the evildoers.

Harry Truman himself sounded the pitch last week in his message to a Democratic dinner in New York. "As we prepare for next year's political battle," he said, "it is important that the Democratic Party be made strong—strong morally . . ." In a speech at the same dinner, Democratic National Chairman Frank McKinney picked up the note. "Termites can attack the soundest building," he said, "and in politics as elsewhere, the termites we shall always have with us. The only way to deal with termites is to keep a sharp watch for them and get rid of them whenever they show up. That is just what the Democratic Party is doing . . . The few [Democratic jobholders] who do not measure up . . . must be exposed and punished . . . I am ready to help—and what is more important—Harry S. Truman is ready to help."

Harry Truman and Frank McKinney are demonstrating that they now recognize corruption as a critical issue in the 1952 campaign. Their housecleaning gestures, such as the ousting of the Justice Department's Theron Lamar Caudle and the mass firings at the Internal Revenue Bureau (see below), come very late in the season.

Republicans on Capitol Hill note that there have been few firings until investigations lit the fuse. Said Nebraska's Representative Carl Curtis, commenting on Administration promises of a housecleaning: "I think they will clean up anything they know we can prove."

Big Man from Indiana

As Democratic Chairman Frank McKinney denounced termites before the assembled Democrats in New York, some termite inspection was going on in the background. McKinney was welcomed to New York by stories in the *Herald Tribune* charging that he is the political protégé of Democratic National Committee Chairman Frank M. McHale of Indiana.

"Anything but Ethical." In 1932 Frank McHale, then a struggling lawyer in a blue suit thin from wear, got his start in politics as part of Paul McNutt's machine. Thereafter, McHale's political and legal careers were brilliantly successful, and it would be hard to say exactly how much one career helped the other. So formidable has the McHale name become that he has had many big Republican clients.

A lumbering, smooth-pated, flabby-jowled prototype of the political boss, McHale for years has made big fees handling cases involving the Government. He was a stockholder, director and counsel for the Empire Ordnance Corp., one of the most investigated and most criticized



John Zimmerman
CHAIRMAN MCKINNEY

How many termites will be caught?

munitions companies of World War II. In 1941 Missouri's Senator Harry Truman denounced Empire's efforts to buy political influence in Washington as "anything but ethical."

McHale won a \$935,000 settlement for Empire in connection with a product it didn't deliver to the Government. Although it had no contract, Empire had claimed that Government representatives persuaded it to develop facilities to build B-17 bomber struts. It gave up after making only five sets. When McHale got the settlement from the Appeal Board of the Office of Contract Settlement, the Government promptly seized the money to cover excess-profits taxes that Empire



Morris & Ewing
COMMITTEEMAN McHALE

How many chips will fall?

owed on other war contracts. Now McHale is seeking, directly from the Government, a \$93,500 fee for his legal work.

Whose Coffin Plan? Another McHale client is seeking Government payment for a product it didn't make. This is the Alliance (Ohio) Seamless Casket Co., which claims it developed a new kind of coffin for reburial of American servicemen killed overseas in World War II. It admits that it has no patent, had no contract with and produced no caskets for the Government. The case presented by McHale: the Government saved \$12,575,000 by adopting Alliance specifications and giving them to other manufacturers.

McKinney and McHale have long been associated in business and politics. McHale is counsel for some McKinney enterprises, and the two are joint investors in others. Last summer both were in Washington seeing their political friends about getting a Government priority for steel to build a pipeline.

Part of McHale's response to the *Herald Tribune* stories was a familiar one: "I was strictly within my legal rights." McKinney said he had "assurances" that McHale had not done any influence peddling, but that he would make further inquiry and "let the chips fall where they may." Whether he would let many chips fall on the man who recommended him to Harry Truman as Democratic National Chairman remained to be seen.

Fifty-Seven Firings

Commissioner of Internal Revenue John B. Dunlap announced last week that he had fired 18 Bureau of Internal Revenue employees and had asked twelve others to quit. At the same time, Harry Truman announced from Key West that he had ousted James G. Smyth, collector of Internal Revenue at San Francisco. Of the 15 Internal Revenue offices affected, San Francisco was hit the hardest. In addition to Smyth, seven of the staff were ousted. Since the crusade started by Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams (*TIME*, Nov. 5) began to get action, 57 Internal Revenue employees have been removed from their jobs.

Finnegan's Wake

While he was collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis, James P. Finnegan, a Truman crony of long standing, showed a real knack for picking up money on the side. A federal grand jury recognized that talent last October, indicted Finnegan for accepting bribes from taxpayers and taking fees to represent clients before Government agencies. This week brought to light a new fact in the wake of Finnegan's exposure. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* disclosed that the Zenith Radio Corp. paid him \$50,000, while he was still St. Louis collector, to get scarce film with which to test Zenith's Phonovision sets. Until Finnegan went to work for Zenith, the movie companies had been most reluctant to cooperate with Zenith. But they were so anxious to cooperate with Finnegan that they did not even charge rent for the film.

The Friendliest People

Theron Lamar Caudle knew the friendliest people. Recently fired as head of the Justice Department's tax division, Caudle last week told a House subcommittee about some of his generous acquaintances. Punctuating his testimony with such exclamations as "Oh, my soul . . . Lord have mercy . . . Lord God almighty," Caudle writhed on the witness stand, lifting his hands above his head, joining them as if in prayer and rolling his banyo eyes upward. In a cotton-thick North Carolina drawl, he denied that he had done any tax favors for the men who treated him so generously.

One such was Larry Knohl, a New Yorker convicted of embezzlement, who bought an airplane from a Caudle crony for \$30,000. Because he got Knohl and the airplane owner together, Caudle collected a \$5,000 commission on the deal. Knohl at the time was an "investigator" for two shady New York used-machinery dealers who had evaded more than \$200,000 in taxes. It also happened that the case against them was delayed time and again by Caudle's office. "But I want to say this," said Caudle, "that when this commission was paid to me, that Mr. Knohl did not have any idea in the world I was going to receive a commission."

Sleeping Enemies. Then there was Keith M. Beatty, a Charlotte, N.C. taxi-fleet operator, who got Caudle three cars at cut prices, lent him a fourth car and a wad of money. The U.S. has had a \$2,400,000 claim for back taxes pending against Beatty and his associates. Caudle said he had disqualified himself from acting in the Beatty tax case. This talk that there was something wrong about the Beatty-Caudle relationship, said Caudle, was inspired by their enemies in North Carolina, where he was once a U.S. district attorney. The last time he was in Charlotte he said, somebody tried to run him down with a car. "I prosecuted so many people . . . in tax cases in my state, I may have a lot of enemies lying around there, sleeping, that I don't know of," he cried. "The hatred and bitterness that they have against me is just incalculable."

Another Caudle chum was Troy Whitehead, a Charlotte machinery manufacturer, whose private plane flew Caudle to Florida twice for deep-sea fishing. Once, Caudle got up the whole party, which included Charles Oliphant, counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. While these pleasant jaunts were going on, the U.S. was investigating Whitehead's tax status. Caudle said he had just a "faint recollection" that he might have telephoned Oliphant about removing a \$40,000 tax lien the U.S. had against Whitehead's plant. That would have been "the most normal thing" to do, he said, since he talked with Mr. Oliphant almost every day. Day after his faintly recollected telephone call on the Whitehead case, the lien was lifted.

Little Sheepskin Coat. Then there was Jacob Landau, a New York attorney whose Washington office specialized in fighting tax cases brought by the U.S. Landau

paid \$5,000 for an oil lease from a man Caudle steered him to, and Caudle collected a \$1,000 commission on the deal.

Landau arranged to get mouton coats for Caudle's daughter and for Mrs. Turner L. Smith, wife of Caudle's chief assistant. "A little sheepskin coat," said Caudle, for which he paid \$125. But Landau's partner, Attorney I. T. Cohen, remembered things in a different way. The coats cost \$563 wholesale, he told the subcommittee, and neither Caudle nor Smith paid anything for them. Christmas gifts, said Cohen.

Landau's friendship was warmer than a little sheepskin. He arranged to get Mrs. Caudle a mink coat for \$2,400, then covered \$900 of the price himself. And besides, after a telephone call to Landau, Mrs. Caudle was able to line up cut-rate mink coats for the wives of Democratic Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas



Theron Lamar Caudle

"Oh, my soul . . . Lord have mercy."

and Kenneth C. Royall, a native of Goldsboro, N.C., former Secretary of War.

"She didn't hardly have a coat worth anything," Caudle said of his wife. "She said she had some money she wanted to go to New York and buy one with. She went up there, and she shopped around with Mrs. Landau . . . I told her to get a coat would be a pretty extravagant thing. I hoped the sweet thing wouldn't do it, but there was not much I could do about it." The \$2,400, said Caudle, was the manufacturer's cost. Asked what the insurance appraisal on the coat was, he said sadly: "I think either \$3,500 or \$4,000. The mink market has now dropped . . . It has just dropped down just like the oil busi-

* Manhattan's fur trade sniggered at the notion that Special Influence was required to buy a coat "wholesale." Most wholesale furriers will sell single coats to anyone who walks in, sometimes at more than the retail price. To net a real bargain requires real bargaining skill—or real influence.

ness . . . Everything has dropped out for me, it seems to me."

Some Bigger Names. As the Caudle tongue rolled garrulously on, some bigger names were dropped. Caudle said Attorney General J. Howard McGrath approved his taking the \$5,000 commission on the airplane deal. McGrath replied that he had done so after Caudle had assured him that neither the buyer nor the seller was directly involved in any Government case.

In Charlotte, Pilot Walter B. Mallonee said he flew Caudle on trips to Florida. Among the tax-troubled Mr. Whitehead's guests, Mallonee said, was U.S. Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, who was then Attorney General. In Washington, Clark said this was true, but that he didn't know Mr. Whitehead was having tax trouble with the U.S. His old friend Caudle arranged the trips, said Clark. It was Clark who brought Caudle out of the North Carolina hills in 1945 to head the Justice Department's criminal division. Later, Clark promoted Caudle to be the U.S. Government's top tax attorney, although he had no tax law experience and was up against the top legal tax specialists in the U.S.

At week's end, Caudle seemed puzzled that Harry Truman had demanded his resignation because of Caudle's "outside activities." Said he: "I still don't know why I was fired . . . I haven't heard one word to tell me why."

POLITICAL NOTES

Clauses

It was not what he said, so much as the way he said it. In Rome last week, Dwight Eisenhower made no remarks about any plans for the presidency. But when his big Constellation took off from Ciampino Airport, after a 48-hour visit to the NATO conference (see FOREIGN NEWS), he left every political observer in the city convinced that a candidate's button was firmly pinned on his blouse beneath his five-star insignia.

In his speech to NATO, he sometimes sounded—as he certainly had a right to—like a man talking to an audience on the other side of the Atlantic. There was an increased use of rolling, majestic phrases and correspondents pounced on the sudden prominence of the first-person singular. (Sample: "I have never sought the role of a philosopher; most certainly I have never had any reputation as such. But I submit that any man . . .") Commented Paris' *Le Monde*: "His first [speech] as candidate for the presidency."

Later, Ike conducted a brisk ten-minute press conference with a politician's mixture of folksy intimacy and celestial self-assurance. As in his NATO speech, he epitomized his goal in Europe with a resonant quote from the Bible: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace" (*Luke 11:21*). This was an apt quote for a man whose mission it is to arm and protect Europe against Communism. It is also a sentence appropriate to a man who would lead the U.S.

THE SOUTH The Enlightened Revolution

The Old South, the land of cotton, sharecropping and mortgages, is the fastest changing region of the U.S. From the southern Atlantic seaboard west to Arkansas and Louisiana,* trim, modern factories have sprung up in the cities, the small towns and the open fields. Since the beginning of World War II, industry has invested billions in new Southern plants, put 2,000,000 Southerners on new, steady payrolls, and started the dynamics of history's first enlightened industrial revolution.

A Georgia Corpse. The big change came with express-train momentum, but it was a long time getting started. The plight of the old Cotton South was well illustrated by Henry Grady, managing editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. To a Boston audience in 1889, he described the funeral of a "one-gallus" man in Pickens County, Ga. Said Grady:

"They cut through solid marble to make his grave, and yet a little tombstone they put above him from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburgh. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. They buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground."

By 1920, the South's industrial revolution had begun—but in the ugly classical pattern that was set a century before in the textile mills of England. Cotton mills moved south to take advantage of hand-to-mouth labor conditions. The "lint-heads," as cotton-mill workers were called, huddled together in drab mill villages, chronically in debt to the company store. They worked a 55- to 60-hour week for around \$15 (as compared with a 48- to 54-hour week in New England for about \$19).

In the '30s, this classical agony of industrial birth came to a halt. The New Deal put a floor under wages, a ceiling on hours and gave organized labor enough encouragement to worry Southern mill owners. At the same time, U.S. capitalism itself was undergoing basic changes of attitude and method. More and more industries discovered that well-paid employees did better work and bought a lot more of everybody's products. It is the South's good fortune that the second phase of its industrial expansion comes in a period of enlightened industrial relations unprecedented in history.

Fiery Crossroads. What happened in Camden, S.C. is an example of the new kind of industrialization. In 1946, Camden's townspeople grew curious when small groups of tight-lipped engineers, labor specialists, tax experts, lawyers and power analysts began dropping in from "the North." The visitors would take samplings through the length and breadth of Kershaw County, then fly mysteriously back whence they came.

It wasn't until two years later that Camden discovered that E. I. du Pont de Nemours had picked the town as the site for a \$17 million plant for processing Orion, a new synthetic fiber.

There was only one leading citizen of Camden who objected. He warned that the coming of Du Pont would ruin the town's winter-resort business. He wrote a letter asking Du Pont to stay away. When his fellow townsmen found out, three carloads of young bloods roared over to the man's house and—in a unique variation of a waning Southern custom—burned an oil-soaked cross on his front lawn.

By the spring of 1950, a handsome, air-conditioned Du Pont plant was ready to operate. Of the 950 employees, about half came from the town, half from the surrounding cotton land. One of the transplanted farmers was Cleatus Threatt, then 25, a World War II veteran whose 65 acres of sandy cotton land were mired in mortgages. One day in May 1950, he was astride his tractor, plowing under a hail-ridden cotton crop, when a friend ran from the neighborhood telephone to tell him that Du Pont had accepted his application for a job. Cleatus had never worked in a factory in his life.

Out of the Mire. Like most of the South's farmers, he turned out to be good at it. Du Pont put him through a two-month training course, then set him to work as a laboratory technician testing batches of raw materials. In 18 months, he missed only twelve hours of work. His pay climbed from \$1 an hour to \$1.62 ("I make more now in a week at the plant than I used to make in a month on the farm"). Fortified by this certain income, he kept the farm and bought another 145 acres of better land, built a new seven-room frame house, and bought enough fertilizer to push his cotton and tobacco to record yields. He began to plan a cattle-raising venture on the side.

The revolution brought political as well as economic changes to Camden. The town's voters went to the polls and turned out their old-line politicians, voted in an efficient city-manager government. They chose for their mayor Henry Savage Jr., a 48-year-old lawyer who had worked hard to bring new industry to Camden. Old forms of negligence vanished under new forms of efficiency (sample: investigators found that a cottonseed plant had been drawing off unmetered city water for 20 years). Camden's municipal bonds, which had been discounting at 4% and 5%, gained a Class 1 rating: the latest batch discounted at 2%.

Out of the new city and county tax revenue and new efficiency came a new junior high school, enlargement of Camden's six other school buildings, three new school cafeterias, and plans for a new Negro high school. Camden added Pontiac, Nash, Oldsmobile and Cadillac agencies, two new drive-in theaters, three new furniture

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH

In the four-page supplement which follows, *TIME* pictures four significant aspects of the South's fast-growing industrial economy: a booming industrial district, a modern port, a multimillion-dollar plant based on the natural resources of the area, and a mighty flood-control and hydroelectric project which will turn new factory wheels and light new homes. These pictures are typical of the industrial development that is going on throughout the region.

Accompanying the pictures is a map based on data compiled by the Southern Association of Science and Industry, which has just finished the first comprehensive survey ever made of Southern industry. The symbols on the map denote areas in which there are at least three \$1,000,000 manufacturing plants or one \$10,000,000 plant, the sizes of the symbols indicating the relative value of each area's plants. In addition to the major industries shown on this eleven-state map, the South is dotted with important food processing plants; seafood canning is big business in New Orleans, Mobile and Brunswick, Ga., as is meat and fruit packing in Jacksonville, poultry freezing in Gainesville, Ga., sugar refining in New Orleans, Louisville and Savannah.

Elsewhere, in small local factories and big metropolitan plants (many of them outside the scope of *TIME*'s map), such traditional Southern agricultural products as cotton, rice, tobacco and peanuts play a leading role in the new industrial economy. Similarly responsible for much of the recent manufacturing expansion (and directly related to the industrial areas on the map) are the South's natural-resource riches: iron ore and coal in Alabama and Kentucky, natural gas and oil along the Gulf Coast, Georgia's and South Carolina's clay, North Carolina's mica and feldspar, Louisiana's sulphur, bauxite in Arkansas, Georgia and Alabama, phosphate rock in Tennessee and Florida, commercial forest land in all eleven states.

* The industrial development of Texas is another and better-known story.



BATON ROUGE's labyrinth of oil refineries and synthetic rubber plants paces the industrial march up the Mississippi.

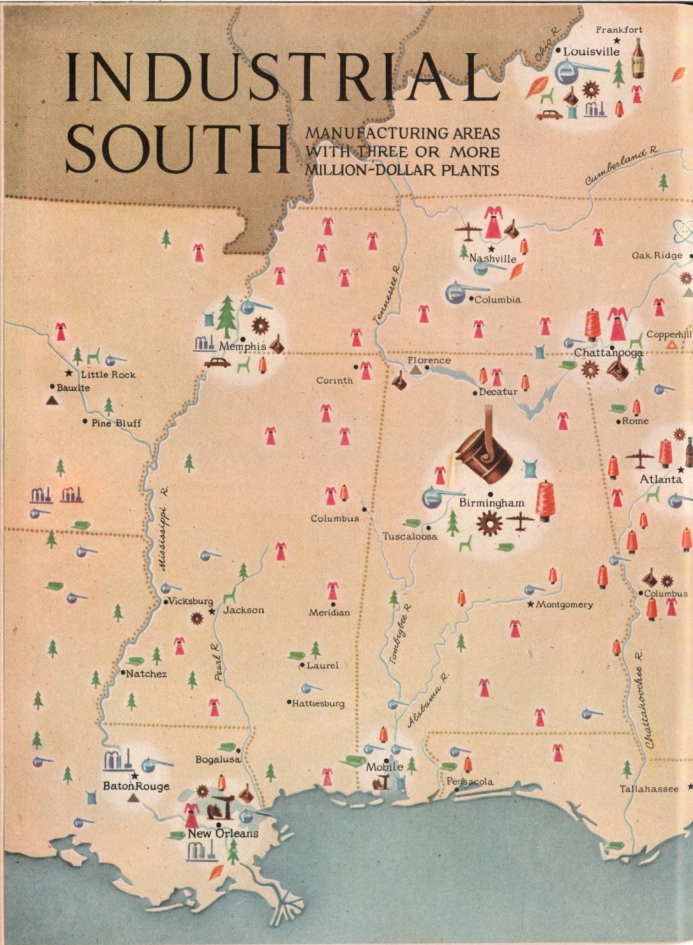
David Peskin Photos

MOBILE'S PORT, serving Alabama's expanding industries, competes with New Orleans and Charleston for export trade.



INDUSTRIAL SOUTH

MANUFACTURING AREAS
WITH THREE OR MORE
MILLION-DOLLAR PLANTS

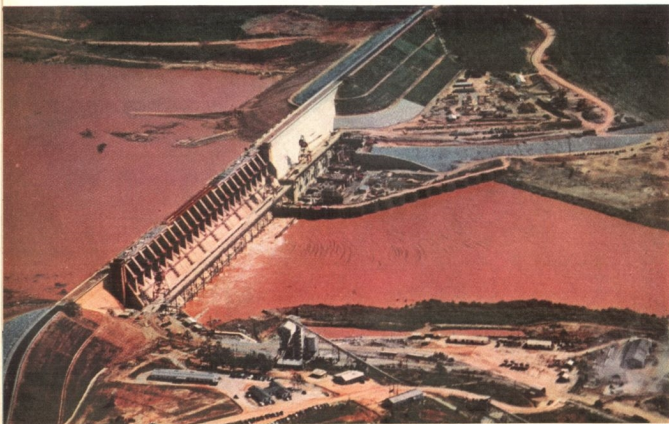






ECUSTA PLANT, deep in North Carolina's forested Blue Ridge Mountains, is world's No. 1 maker of cigarette paper.

CLARK HILL DAM, \$78 million project on the clay-colored Savannah River, will add 703,000,000 kw-h of power a year.



stores, a radio station, supermarkets, a fourth farm-implement agency, and its first pawnshop. The town's white churches noted a 37% increase in membership (the Episcopal Church was highest: 52%) and paid off most of their debts. Contractors put up nearly 1,000 new houses and apartment units. New sewer lines prompted the removal of 675 outdoor privies. Even Camden's Confederate Monument, a 12-ft. marble reminder of the last Northern invasion, was transplanted from its old stand in the middle of Broad Street to a new, less trafficked site in the park.

New Whirl. Camden's changes have only begun. By mid-1952, Du Pont will complete an additional \$25 million expansion of its Orlon plant (one of 20 Du Pont plants in nine Southern states), will hire about 1,000 more workers, and start Camden's spiral whirling again by paying out an additional \$7,300,000 a year in wages.

Among the factors in the South's industrial growth are cheap electric power from TVA and private utilities, natural gas piped from Louisiana and Mississippi, and a lowering of Southern freight rates, which used to be much higher than in the Northeast and Midwest.

Industry draws industry. Each new payroll gave the South more money to spend. Northern manufacturers had to decide whether it was cheaper to feed this market by freight or by a new branch plant. Ford moved an assembly plant into Atlanta, General Motors began building Chevrolets, then Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles and Buicks in Atlanta too. Purchasing power brought refrigerator plants, refrigerator plants brought enameling plants. Dairy processors and meat packers came along as Southern workers began eating higher & higher on the hog. An estimated 14% of all U.S. industry now lies in the Southeastern U.S.

Contrary to legend, most of the big corporations which have recently built Southern plants were not primarily searching for cheap labor. Some Southern wages are still lower than Northern, but the gap is sure to narrow. Southern labor offers employers some other, solid advantages. The Southern labor pool is deep. (Mechanical cotton pickers, for instance, and other labor-saving farm machinery are expected to displace 2,000,000 field hands by 1965; many of them will be available for factory work.) The South's labor population is young and quick to learn. Employers who complain that they have to scrape the bottom of the labor barrel in the North find they can pick, choose and train the brightest of young Southerners.

Glad Hand. The Southern glad hand has been quick to welcome industrial prospects. In 1936, Mississippi embarked on the "Balance Agriculture with Industry" plan which gave state assistance to local communities so they could build plant facilities. In return, the companies that moved in were supposed to maintain a minimum level of employment for about ten years. Nearly all Southern states borrowed some variation of this technique,



PUTNAM

gives to friends; dabbles in astronomy for fun; saws wood to keep in trim.

Business Career. Got his first job working 72 hours a week for a New London, Conn. shipbuilder. Came out of World War I a Navy lieutenant, j.g. (served on the U.S.S. *Mississippi*). In 1919 went to Springfield, Mass., as a salesman for the Package Machinery Co. Became president eight years later. During the Depression, when many firms laid off men, Putnam's poured in money to develop new machinery, kept employment at a high level by going on a five-day week, pioneered profit-sharing, life-insurance and wage-bonus plans. He is comfortably wealthy.

Politics: Formerly a Republican, he voted for F.D.R. in 1932, has been a "consistent liberal Democrat" ever since. Elected mayor of Springfield in 1937. Re-elected mayor twice (1939, 1941). Ran for governor in 1942, but lost to Leverett Saltonstall. Putnam is almost unknown in Washington.

NEW ECONOMIC STABILIZER

Nominated last week by President Truman to succeed Eric Johnston as boss of the Economic Stabilization Agency: Roger Lowell Putnam.

Vital Statistics: Born Dec. 19, 1893, in Boston, son of a noted Boston lawyer and a descendant of New England's oldest settlers, A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard (1909-1933) was his uncle; cigar-smoking Poetess Amy Lowell was his aunt.

Education: Noble and Greenough School in Mass.; Harvard *magna cum laude* (Math.) 1915.

Family: Married Oct. 9, 1919 to Caroline P. Jenkins of Glymont, Md. Six children: three boys (Roger Jr., 29; William, 27; Michael, 18), three girls (Caroline, a nun, 30; Anna, 24; Mary, 21).

Tastes: Does not smoke; weaves rope belts which he

or offered special tax reductions to help new factories get going. Favorite targets are industries which employ lots of people, e.g., the shoe factories (Arkansas got eleven in three years), and garment plants (heaviest in Tennessee).

Port Wentworth, Ga. built a new industrial water plant to attract the Southern Paperboard company. Natchez, Miss. "clarified" the state stream pollution law to get the Johns-Manville insulation board plant. In Greenville, Tenn., some schools joined in educating the populace in the art of dairy farming to help the Pet Milk Co. build up a milk supply for its new processing factory.

Thus far in the revolution, the Negro is still the stepchild, although he is often an indirect beneficiary. Northern corporations, shunning discrimination in their home plants, usually yield to local pressure and restrict Negroes to menial labor. There are notable exceptions. In Memphis, the International Harvester Co. flatly announced that it would hire Negroes without discrimination as to type of job and with equal pay. Out of 2,425 production and maintenance employees, 641 are Negroes.

Industrialization and relative prosperity is stemming the tide of Southerners moving North. Southern college graduates are staying home. Scientific research and executive management will inevitably fall into the hands of young Southerners.

The South's new industry is there to stay. If the U.S. economy continues to expand, the South will stay in the forefront of the parade. If the national economy deflates, the South's new factories will be among the last to sag, because they are among the newest and most efficient in the nation.

THE CONGRESS

Fundamentalist Republican

Kenneth Spicer Wherry liked to call himself a "political fundamentalist." He could reduce the shadings of any political controversy into a black & white conflict between free enterprise and socialism, or economy and waste. With stubborn affability, he spent nine years in the Senate defending his own simplified brand of Midwestern Republicanism against Democrats and internationalist Republicans.

He trained for the Senate as a salesman and small businessman in Pawnee City, Neb. (pop. 1,595). There, "Lightning Ken" Wherry parlayed his family's furniture business into a bigger furniture store, an automobile agency, a law office, a real-estate firm and an undertaking parlor. (Washington reporters, to his intense irritation, later dubbed him "The Merry Mortician.") When he shifted to politics as a protégé of liberal Senator George Norris, Wherry hustled up votes for the Republican state committee with the same zeal and the same methods he had used to open new selling territories or to organize the Pawnee County Fair. In 1942 he easily beat the venerable and ailing Norris for his Senate seat.

"Opportunity." In 1944, impressed by his sense of party solidarity and his noisy, often effective sniping at Administration policies, G.O.P. bosses made him party whip, a rare honor for a freshman Senator. In 1949 he became the Republican floor leader.

Wherry's words came so fast that he frequently lost control of them. A succession of "Wherryisms" made him the Sam Goldwyn of Capitol Hill. He once promised another Senator "opple amportunity"



KENNETH WHERRY

Zeal, affability and fast words.

to make a speech, called Oregon's Junior Senator Wayne Morse "the distinguished Senator from Junior." Other Wherryisms: "Chief Joins of Staff," "bell door ringer."

As floor leader, he speedily established himself as the watchdog of party loyalty. When Taft sponsored a public-housing bill, Wherry accused him of a tendency towards socialism. With the exception of farm subsidies, which Nebraska Wherry supported, he racked up as consistent a record of opposition to the New Deal and the Fair Deal as any Republican Senator. He called the Atlantic pact a "trap" and the Greek-Turkish program a "military adventure."

Some GOPsters thought that Wherry had hopes of becoming the vice presidential candidate in 1952. Actually, his ambition, stated last summer, was to become majority leader of the Senate in a Republican Administration.

"The Man With the Best Chance." In October, Wherry was operated on for cancer of the liver. Last week, in George Washington University Hospital, Kenneth Wherry, 59, died of pneumonia.

The Assistant Floor Leader often succeds to the leadership, but the present minority whip is Massachusetts' Senator Leverett Saltonstall, a liberal Republican and an avowed Eisenhower backer. To keep Ken Wherry's old job in safe, conservative hands, Taft supporters may try to block Saltonstall's succession.

At week's end it seemed more likely that both factions would try hard to reach agreement on a floor leader rather than risk a fight at a critical time. Wherry himself was too much a "fundamentalist Republican" and too practical a politician to pursue factional interest at the risk of major damage to the party. Asked recently about his choice for the 1952 presidential nominee, Wherry answered: "I'm for the man with the best chance to win."

That Ohio Campaign

"Special interests poured money into Ohio last year to elect a Republican senator," Harry Truman snapped last month in his speech to the Women's National Democratic Club. Last week, in the Senate Office Building, Senator Guy Gillette's subcommittee on Privileges and Elections hashed over a public investigation of Ohio's 1950 election. Senator Robert Taft, for his part, described the campaign as "a sinister conspiracy designed to punish me for my legislative activities in the United States Senate."

"In the Ohio campaign," Taft told his fellow Senators, "I was subjected to the most vitriolic attack probably ever conducted against a candidate. The entire campaign was one of a complete distortion of facts." He ticked off some of the misstatements used by the Democrats during the campaign. "When Bob Taft was a child in the Philippines with his father, he was stung by a jellyfish," he read from the C.I.O.-P.A.C. Speaker's Handbook. "That's why he is now opposed to foreigners."

The following day "Jumping Joe" Ferguson, Taft's defeated opponent, sauntered amiably into the chamber to talk about Republican slush funds. Ferguson sounded more like comic relief than one of the main characters. "I'm not casting any aspirations on the reporters around here," he malaproped during one explanation, "but those newspapers in Ohio are really Republican." Explaining his own defeat, Ferguson said: "The reason I got beat so bad was that the Democrats and the working people didn't go out to vote." As an afterthought, he added with unprecedented political candor: "Of course, if they'd voted I might have got beaten worse. But you always have the consolation of thinking you would have won."

Ferguson, no man to mince figures, insisted that Taft had spent approximately \$5,000,000 against his own \$107,004. Answered Taft, who set the expenditures for his campaign at roughly \$612,000: "For every one dollar spent in my behalf by my supporters, my opponents spent three." Among Taft's free-spending opponents, the subcommittee was told, was Cleveland Financier Cyrus S. Eaton. Witnesses said that Eaton and his associates had dished out a total of \$35,000. Republican donors were a little harder to trace. Taft's campaign treasurer, Ben Tate, blandly admitted destroying his itemized records of some contributions.

Whatever the figures cited, they were a far cry from the \$25,000 limit set on a Senator's campaign spending by the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, a limit so low that almost any candidate in the age of television must evade it to make a serious campaign. (This is done by organizing all sorts of "independent committees" not legally under the candidate's control.) The subcommittee's problem—and its purpose in staging the hearing—was to figure out some new and workable set of ground rules for U.S. elections.

CALIFORNIA

"We Want Her to Die Now"

Four years ago in San Francisco a 63-year-old Chinese matriarch named Sin-shee Jang decided to spend her declining years in the village of her ancestors, a hamlet named Kutow in Kwangtung Province. Sin-shee Jang was an old-country woman; her feet had been bound, and she liked the quiet scenes of her girlhood. Furthermore, in Kutow she owned a 14-room brick house and was a woman of wealth and importance. She bade her five Americanized sons goodbye, and sailed for home.

All went well with her for a while—even after the Communists took over the village. But in October she wrote her oldest son, Joe Lum Jang, a San Francisco apartment operator, a frightened letter. She had been arrested by the Communists for the peculiar crime of "mistreating her daughter-in-law." They attempted to make her "confess" by torture, but she refused. Then her face was daubed with paint—the mark of an "unlawful woman"—and she was forced to stand before the village courthouse without food or water. After a day and a night she broke down and paid a fine of \$1,000.

Chains. Joe Jang had been expecting to hear something of the sort ever since Chinese Reds had begun extorting money from Chinese in the U.S. Even so, it was "a terrible jolt." His mother's letter did not include a secret symbol used by members of the Jang family if they urgently needed money. But last month a cable from a China-side cousin named Chang arrived in San Francisco. It read: "Your mother asked you cable remittance urgently needed Hong Kong dollars 10,000 [\$1,750]."

Joe sent eight air-mail letters to friends in China asking for the facts in the case.



Harris & Ewing

JOSEPH FERGUSON

Comedy, candor and no aspirations:

Six friends replied. His mother and four other villagers had been accused of disloyalty to the "People's Government," and each had been fined 10,000 Hong Kong dollars. All had refused to pay, had been forced to kneel on the links of chains, with other heavy chains around their necks, and had then been denied food & water. In the end, all had confessed. One had been publicly executed but, pending payment, Sin-shee Jang was being forced to wear a sign reading "Landlord"



Associated Press

JOE LUM JANG
One last letter from home.

and to walk miles each day on her bound feet.

The Awful Task. Joe Jang and two of his brothers held an agonized family conference, and came to an agonized decision: paying would not save their mother, but would simply cause her to be arrested and tortured again & again and would allow the Reds to make more & more blackmail demands. In the end, the Communists would do whatever they wished anyhow.

Joe took upon himself the awful task of writing the news of her sons' decision to Sin-shee Jang. "Mother has been tortured enough," he said bitterly, after the letter was mailed. "We want her to die now." He added, in helpless rage: "Those god-damned Communists . . ."

Last week Joe Jang got one last letter from China. Sin-shee Jang had killed herself by jumping into a well in the village.

NORTH CAROLINA

Off Cape Fear

Waves tearing across her deck, the yacht *Amphitrite* hung on a sand bar off the Carolina coast. Her captain and owner, 40-year-old Samuel Luttrell II, ordered all hands into their 16-ft. lifeboat. With his wife Kathleen, their twelve-year-old son Samuel III and six crew members, he put out into the darkening sea. Just before they cast off, someone grabbed two metal ice trays from the yacht and carried them into the boat.

The ice cubes turned out to be the only source of water they had. The inexperienced crewmen could not row back to the *Amphitrite*. Neither could they make the shore. Pushed by the current and the 40-m.p.h. gale from the northeast, they drifted helplessly southwestward, parallel to the shoreline.

Into the Rough Atlantic. Just a few weeks before, the *Amphitrite's* trip had begun like a vacation cruise. Sam Luttrell, a retired Army officer in business in the Virgin Islands, had bought the yacht, a 96-ft. converted subchaser, at a Long Island shipyard. He hired an ex-Air Force officer from Miami for his navigator, and took on four Puerto Ricans as hands. With Gustave Frazer, a brawny Virgin Islander who worked for Luttrell, as engineer, the Luttrell family and their crew set out on a leisurely sea trip back to St. Thomas. They headed south via the sheltered passages inside the Atlantic coastline. One morning last week, the ship chugged down Bogue Sound into the rough Atlantic, just off the North Carolina shore. The navigator set a compass course southeastward towards St. Thomas.

Long before sunset, the sky went black from a gathering northeaster. When the *Amphitrite* sprang a leak, Luttrell pointed her back to shore. But the rising gale was too much for the two large engines. Crippled and off her course, the *Amphitrite* hit a sand bar near the mouth of the Cape Fear River.

What happened after that, only Gus Frazer, hurt and exhausted in a Charleston, S.C. hospital bed, was alive this week to tell.

"He Cry & Cry." In the first 24 hours in the lifeboat, the Puerto Ricans panicked and drank seawater. The next day all four died. Ships passed the lifeboat, which was in the middle of the steamer lanes, but none saw it.

On the third day the navigator died. He too had drunk sea water. "He go crazy," said Gus, "he scream and jump overboard." Sam Luttrell covered his wife and son with his trench coat, lay on top of them to shield them from the freezing spray. On the fourth morning, shivering in a sweatshirt and dungarees, Kathleen Luttrell, who had once danced in the Ziegfeld Follies, died. Her husband did not last long after. "The little boy Sammy," Gus said sobbing, ". . . all last night he cry and cry for his mamma and papa. He lay on them and cry. I cry too."

On the fifth afternoon a lookout on the minesweeper U.S.S. *Token* spotted Gus Frazer, unconscious, sitting upright in the boat, his hand still near the tiller. Sammy, still alive, died half an hour after his rescue. His parents' bodies were still in the boat.

When the *Amphitrite's* lifeboat was hauled into the Charleston docks, six waterlogged life-jackets lay inside. Two oars were underneath the seats. A single blue canvas sneaker bobbed in the salt water that covered the bottom of the boat, occasionally bumping into the metal ice trays, which gleamed dully in the bilge.

ANIMALS

Smoke Eater

In his five years of service as a fire dog, a black & white Dalmatian named Whiskers lent Hook & Ladder Company No. 1 of Newark a flash and luster which made it the envy of the whole department. Whiskers slept in the big truck and never missed an alarm—even though he often had to gallop back from nearby meat shops when the gong began to clang. When he got to



Newark News

WHISKERS & TRUCK MATE

Three-story climbs were simple.

the fire, Whiskers would climb ladders and dash eagerly into burning buildings.

Two- and three-story climbs were nothing to him. Once he made it all the way to the top of a 100-ft. extension ladder. Whiskers fell into a drum of ink at a printing-plant fire and came up black. Once, he left a blazing paint factory glittering with gilt. He was unfruffled.

This year Whiskers grew sick and feeble. Last week a veterinarian discovered that he had a brain tumor and put him out of his misery with a lethal injection of a barbiturate. In their sorrow, the men of Hook & Ladder Company No. 1 experienced something almost like relief. Whiskers had never learned to get back down ladders. He had answered 3,000 alarms, had climbed on an average of twice at each fire, had been cornered in the smoke, rescued against his will, and had been lugged back down to the street—all 60 wriggling pounds of him—on each & every occasion.

RELIEF

Old Folks at Home

When Andrew Meda, 68, fell ill three years ago, he and his wife were thankful that they owned their home in Hammond, Ind. But property owners in Hammond are not eligible for relief. Last week, cold and starving, the old couple burned their house down. "You can't eat a house," said Mrs. Meda as they were taken to a county home.

NEWS IN PICTURES



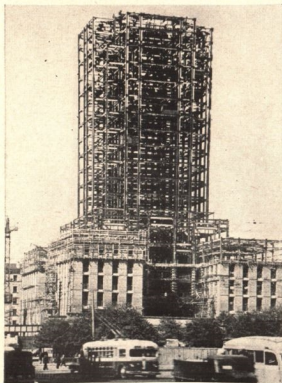
MOSCOW UNIVERSITY'S brand new, 26-story Palace of Science, floodlit for revolution anniversary, has red-starred 200-ft. spire. Sovfoto

Combination Symphony: Moscow's Red rulers first tried to build a skyscraper 17 years ago, but their Palace of Soviets—which Stalin proclaimed would be the world's tallest building—never got off the ground. The engineer-planners razed a sumptuous cathedral to clear the site, then found the rock strata would not support their dream. In 1947 Soviet builders, armed with huge traveling cranes and story-high wall sections, launched a new program. "It is as though an architectural symphony were being composed," said Arkady Mordvinov, president of the

U.S.S.R.'s Academy of Architecture. The booming crescendos in this symphony are eight impressive architectural hodgepodes, 16 to 32 stories high, towering above Moscow's age-old cupolas, spires and teeming tenements. To American eyes, these skyscrapers look like a combination of the 1913 Woolworth Building and basic U.S. "city hall" architecture, with a dash of the ornate Chicago Tribune Tower added for flavor. To the Kremlin's ever-busy propagandists, and their listeners, the skyscraper symphony says that Red Russia is building for peace.



APARTMENT HOUSE: 773-unit building, with 32-story tower overlooking the Moscow River, is setting for outside Stalin picture. Sovfoto



HOTEL: 358-room skyscraper will cater to fellow travelers. Sovfoto



OFFICE BUILDING (& apartments): Giant cranes lift prebuilt walls. Sovfoto

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Item 3

Once a temporary cease-fire line was agreed upon, the negotiators in the tent at Panmunjom went on to harder matters. They sank their teeth into the tough gristle of Item 3, which concerns supervision of the armistice after it is signed. Meanwhile, the 30-day trial period, which expires Dec. 27, started ticking away.

Everyone knew that Item 3 would be difficult. Key point of the U.N. proposal was that joint U.N.-Communist observation teams should be given access to all parts of Korea. Key point of the Communist proposal was that a joint armistice commission should be set up with, apparently, no authority to inspect anything but the 2½-mile buffer zone between the armies. A deadlock immediately ensued. Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy rejected the Red scheme as toothless. Lieut. General Nam Il, the deadpan North Korean commander, rejected the U.N. plan as a "brazen interference" with the internal affairs of North Korea.

Chilly Language. As the argument over Item 3 wore on, with no settlement in sight, all sorts of new problems and extraneous issues cropped up. Admiral Joy beefed up his inspection proposal by suggesting that air patrols as well as ground teams should be provided for. The Reds demanded the right not only to repair existing airfields in North Korea, but to construct new ones during the armistice period. Their argument: "wanton bombing" by the U.N. had deprived them of adequate air defenses. In spite of two roaring stoves in the conference tent, the air was chilly with frigid language and stale with monotonous repetition. Admiral Joy said that U.N. forces were willing to be inspected, and asked a simple question of the Communists: "What do you plan to hide?"

Red About-Face. Just when the Reds appeared most stubborn, they performed a dramatic about-face. They accepted the principle of inspection and of a military "freeze" of existing forces. They proposed that: 1) neither side should introduce into Korea "any military forces, weapons and ammunition under any pretext during an armistice"; and 2) observation teams manned by nationals of "neutral" countries should inspect "ports of entry in the rear as mutually agreed upon."

At first blush, this seemed to come close to meeting U.N. demands, and looked like an even bigger concession than the Communist abandonment of the 38th parallel. If the Reds meant what they said, it would be the first time in any postwar negotiations that an Iron Curtain country has been willing to let outsiders in for a look around. Cautiously pleased but wary of booby traps, Joy's team prepared a list of 21 questions which they wanted the Reds to answer. For example, just what countries would the Communists consider neutral. Nam Il promised a prompt answer.

BATTLE OF KOREA

"What Does This Mean?"

On a dusty road north of Seoul last week, a U.N. tank commander leaned against the tread of his bulky Patton and read an order to his men: "During the remainder of the armistice negotiations, every effort will be made to avoid casualties and to demonstrate our willingness to honor a cease-fire." The lieutenant went on with specifications: no more combat patrols, artillery to be used only for counter-battery fire, the infantry to fight only to repel an attack. When he had finished, a sergeant asked: "What does this mean, lieutenant?" Answered the officer: "It means just what it says. And it means that from now on every round of ammo has got to be accounted for."

Bonfires, Ball Games. As the order was relayed to other units in similar fashion, an unearthly quiet enveloped the snowy front. Earlier, the Chinese Reds had celebrated the settlement of a tentative cease-fire line with a display of military fireworks—red, yellow and green flares. As the fighting dwindled, the Reds, disregarding the usual front-line blackout, built bonfires. Through field glasses, U.N. troops could see them smoking cigarettes, drinking tea, playing volleyball.

A British patrol, poking into a dugout in no man's land (which the Chinese usually occupied by night, the British by day), stumbled across two grinning Chinese still there. Flustered but polite, the British backed off without either side firing a shot. When word of this reached the British brigadier, he exclaimed: "I'll have to get instructions on this. After all, my chaps might have fired. Why, there might have been a diplomatic incident!"

General Van Fleet's headquarters had issued an order, the gist of which was: don't shoot unless you are shot at. It would have been better if the Eighth Army commander had called U.N. newsmen in beforehand, and told them what he was doing instead of letting them draw their own conclusions from what they saw and heard at the front. The ensuing high-level ruckus, which reverberated all the way to Washington and Key West (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), did not trouble the men in the front lines. Using a bayonet to dig chunks of ham from a ration can, one

G.I. sighed happily: "Man, this is pure heaven!"

Army & Air Targets. The air war in "MIG Alley" (see below) and U.N. air attacks on the enemy's rear went on without letup. Van Fleet's original order on ground activity was soon modified. Some allied artillery crews began firing at "any and all targets." In one night, U.N. airmen sighted 9,700 enemy trucks rolling south toward the front, many of them with their headlights on for the sake of more speed. The airmen claimed to have destroyed 300 trucks, only a small fraction of the enemy traffic, the heaviest of the entire war.

What did the Red buildup portend? There are two plausible deductions: 1) that the enemy expects a smashing U.N. offensive—if the truce talks at Panmunjom fail—and is readying his defenses against it; 2) that he is mounting an offensive of his own. Despite the talk at Panmunjom and in the world's capitals, all was not entirely quiet on the Korean front.

THE AIR WAR

Tallyho!

One sunny afternoon last week, 31 U.S. Sabre jets, commanded by Colonel Benjamin Preston, led down over "MIG Alley" (the northwestern corner of Korea) for a quick look. "Bandits at eleven o'clock," Preston barked over the radio, meaning: enemy planes ahead, a little to the left. The enemy formation was unusual: twelve twin-engined TU-2 bombers and 18 propeller-driven LA-9 fighters (both Russian World War II types), guarded by 16 MIG-15s. "Tallyho!" yelled Preston, and led his fast jets in for the kill.

The enemy formation was believed to have been sent to cover a Communist attack on U.N.-held islands near the mouth of the Yalu. In any case, the lumbering, thin-skinned bombers were slaughtered like sheep. After the battle, eight TUs, three LAs and one red-nosed MIG had been downed; two of the Sabres suffered minor damage, but all returned safely to their base. It was the first time that Red bombers had been shot down in Korea.

Three of the bombers and the one MIG were destroyed by Major George A. Davis Jr., a slight, blue-eyed Texan who raised his total kills to six and became the fifth ace of the Korean war (he shot down seven enemy planes in the Pacific during World War II). It was the day before his 31st birthday. He and his flight-mates feted their victory with roast beef and whisky.

Next day the Communists won one of their few victories: knocking down three early-model Australian Meteor jets and one U.S. F-80, and losing only two MIGs. Cease-fire and lull were two words that airmen on both sides could not hear and did not heed.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department reports 707 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea (including 171 killed in action) during the period from Nov. 17 through Nov. 23, bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 100,883. The Pentagon breakdown:

DEAD	17,153
WOUNDED	71,307
MISSING	12,249
CAPTURED	174

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Difficulties & Impossibilities

"When your self-preservation demands the accomplishment of a job," said General Dwight Eisenhower last week to the twelve North Atlantic allies in Rome, "there is nothing that is impossible. The impossible merely becomes a difficulty, something to be solved, something to be done."

The difficulty he was talking about is the creation of a European defense army, including twelve German divisions. Without the Germans, he said, "we can, in Western Europe, erect a defense that can, at least, although expensively and uneasily, produce a stalemate. But that is not enough."

To be really safe and strong, Eisenhower insisted, "we need German assistance, both in geography and military strength."

After hearing him out, diplomats of the twelve nations voted unanimously for the European army. But the parliaments and the peoples of the twelve nations must still be sold. Even as they voted, the NATO leaders were not at all sure they were confronted by merely a difficulty.

Old Mistrust. The Belgians and the Dutch, enthusiastic at first, were now dragging their feet, reminded of old fears of German power, old mistrust of French leadership.

In West Germany, Socialist Kurt Schumacher, who is probably more powerful now than Christian Democrat Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, fought the European army.

Britain last week took the opportunity to declare itself opposed, more firmly than ever, to including its troops in the European army. (Like the U.S., Britain is willing to furnish troops to serve alongside the continentals.) Winston Churchill's stand was a reversal of the position he took as a private citizen a year ago, but no real surprise to the continental nations. They nonetheless used it as a fresh pretense for dallying.

The real trouble was the French. It was they who devised the European army plan in the first place, knowing that they could not defend themselves without German help but unwilling to see Germany powerful again. Reluctantly at first, the U.S. had accepted Premier René Pleven's compromise: a European army to include twelve German army divisions, but barring a German general staff, limiting the divisions' size and armament, sprinkling them through the joint army to prevent them from homogenizing into a unified German army. To this international army France would contribute 14 divisions.

Two Extremes. Now that the other NATO nations had bought the Pleven plan, Pleven's precarious government was acting as if it did not dare submit it to its own National Assembly. The two extremes of French politics, the Communists and the Gaullists, are whipping up opposition to



Ike's Square Dance Class
It all comes back to the French.

Courtesy London Daily Herald

the plan. Cried General Charles de Gaulle last week: "For centuries, our worth and weight has been identical with that of the French Army. We cannot, we must not lose our army."

The best French guarantee of protection against a rising Germany, and against a menacing Russia, is a strong French Army, doing its share in the common defense. Until her allies could so convince France, or the French could so persuade themselves, the merely difficult threatened to become the impossible.

FRANCE

Upswing for the Franc

The French franc was on a bobsled run, and the French government seemed powerless to stop it. It had skidded down to a low of 460 to the dollar.

Two weeks ago, Premier René Pleven proclaimed austerity for France, and a slash in imports of U.S. coal, ore and raw materials, in an effort to brake the run. But devaluation rumors had French capital badly scared.

Last week, after a five-hour cabinet meeting, Pleven had good news to announce: the U.S. had granted France \$600 million emergency aid—\$200 million for direct economic aid, \$400 million to maintain U.S. troops stationed in France and to equip U.S. armed forces from French industry.

France would still have to increase its taxes and cut its public works spending to meet its budget. But the dollar pinch was over, and imports could be resumed. At week's end the franc was on the upswing: 438 to the dollar.

A Louse for a Louse

Lightheartedly, French Novelist Pierre Daninos said yes when ECA asked him to write the captions for a NATO movie cartoon. Then, because this made him a foreign employee of a U.S. Government agency, Daninos received the usual four-page questionnaire asking about his 1) birth & parentage, 2) complexion & distinctive body marks, 3) emotional & mental state, 4) drinking habits, 5) aliases, if any, 6) connections with the Communist Party, if any, 7) past & present employment in detail—and some 50 other questions. Daninos filled in the questionnaire, named three character references, duly swore that he had no intention of "upsetting the U.S. Government by force or violence."

Eight days later, Daninos received a second questionnaire repeating many of the previous questions. Daninos blew up. Last week the Paris *Figaro* frontpaged a Daninos letter to President Truman. Said Daninos: "Being only vaguely informed about the U.S., I would like to proceed with an 'investigation check.'" Sample questions directed at the U.S.: "1) What were you doing before the discovery of America? (List of residences before and after 1492—complete history of employment.) 2) What is your complexion? Distinctive marks and characteristics? 3) References: give the names of three major and responsible countries, not related to you by blood or alliance, qualified to give precise information about you. 4) Are you suffering from any serious troubles? (Political? Mental? Epidemic?). 5) May I consider that during the course of the past

twelve months none among you has drunk alcoholic liquor to excess? *Oui? Non?*"

In case some might think him anti-American, Daninos explained: "I am nothing but a damned individualist who would not seek the tiniest louse on the head of the United States if they would not try to find one on mine."

GREAT BRITAIN

"Disgusting," Cried a Tory

Clement Attlee in defeat still stuck to his promise to avoid "opposing for the sake of opposition." But his boys would be boys.

Last week Britain's Tory government asked the House of Commons to ratify the Japanese Peace Treaty, which Labor-

taliking back to the chair, Left-Winger Sydney Silverman, a tricky little hair-splitting parliamentarian, was suspended (for five days) by a vote of 194 to 147.

As dawn trickled in through the clerestory windows of the House, dozens of M.P.s were asleep at their posts, but Manny Shinwell was still mounted on the ramparts, hurling mud. "Representatives of the so-called gentlemanly party, who have lambasted members on this side . . . are now squealing because they are getting some of it back," he gloated. "It is impossible to insult some of them. If someone spat in their faces, they would think it was rain."

"Disgusting," cried a Tory. "I have not yet started," replied Shinwell, who finally stopped spitting at 10:20 a.m. "When I do, [you] will understand what Opposition is."

Twentieth Century Squires

Not for twelve years had there been a new edition of Burke's six-inch-thick *Landed Gentry*. Last week, in a rickety office in Fleet Street, Burke's genealogists put the finishing touches to the first post-war edition, in a melancholy atmosphere of impoverished squires and mortgaged manor houses. *Landed Gentry* used to limit itself to owners of domains that could properly be called "stately" (i.e., more than 500 acres). Now it has lowered the property qualification to 200 acres for all British families whose pedigrees have been "notable" for three generations.

Even so, almost half of the 5,000 families listed in the new volume are in there because their forefathers were: they themselves have no land left. Their estates are mere street addresses, like that of the Molineux-Montgomerys, formerly of Garboldisham Old Hall, now of No. 14 Maltan Avenue, Haworth.

Many of the old estates had been taken over by 20th Century squires whose bank balances outran their pedigrees. Alongside such ancient names as Wolley-Dod of Edge, Willock-Pollen of Little Bookham, Polwhele of Polwhele and MacLachlan of MacLachlan, *Landed Gentry* now lists Martins, Bartons and Fishers. It even mentions 700 people in the U.S., including Cinematress Joan Fontaine and the International Harvester McCormicks of Chicago.

Editor L. G. Pine has always been besieged by applicants who by cajolery, trickery or even bribery attempt to crash the book. "Pride of family sometimes carries people too far," said he. "If everybody who claims to have come over with the Conqueror were right, William must have landed with 200,000 men-at-arms instead of about 12,000."

According to Editor Pine, only three British families can prove descent through the male line from the Saxons who invaded Britain in the 5th Century. These are the Ardens (one was Shakespeare's mother), the Berkeleyys and the Swintons. And only three can prove male descent from the Companions of William the Conqueror in 1066: Malet (or Mallet or Mellat),

Giffard, and De Marris. Even King George VI's Saxon descent is through the female line; about 100,000 living Britons can claim legitimate descent from such royal ancestry. Pine calls Edward III (1312-77) the crossroads of British genealogy. Says he: "If you have some family tie with Edward III, you go back all the way."

GERMANY

A Mine of Information

Political Geiger counters quivered in West Berlin last week. A political refugee who slipped across the line from East Germany was identified as Lieut. Colonel Fedor Nikolaevich Astakhov of the Red army. Astakhov is a geological wizard, a winner of the Stalin Prize, and until re-



Historical Pictures

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

Only Malets, Giffards and De Marris.

ite Herbert Morrison signed at San Francisco, Attlee ordered the Labor Party to vote in favor. More than one-third did not. Though the treaty was approved (by 382 votes to 33), it was fought by the left-wing Bevanites (who think it is an American idea and therefore bad) and by Socialist M.P.s from textile and pottery constituencies, who fear a revival of Japanese competition. Another 80 Laborites abstained from voting.

Some of the Socialists behaved the same way with Churchill's proposal to create a new Home Guard, plans for which had been studied while Socialist Manny Shinwell was Minister of Defense. Last week it was Manny Shinwell who led the fight on the bill. Apparently trying to outdo Nye Bevan as a Tory-baiter, Manny kept the House of Commons in session for 20 hours, in the first all night sitting of the new Parliament. Those who stayed awake heard a great deal of cross and petty talk. When Shinwell announced that he needed a bath and a shave, a weary Tory brigadier asked him to get his throat cut, too. For



Ralph Crane—Life

JOAN FONTAINE

Also International Harvesters.

cently in charge of all technical operations in the Russian-run uranium mines in southeastern Germany. Allied intelligence would not confirm, but did not deny, that the new Soviet "defector of colonel's rank" is Astakhov. If he is, the West has found a source of atomic intelligence as useful as Britain's missing Bruno Pontecorvo presumably is to the Russians.

ITALY

The Multiplying Romans

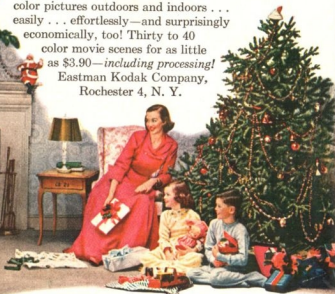
Ancient Rome had a population of 1,000,000. In 546 Totila the Goth sacked the capital; for 40 days it had no inhabitants at all, according to the historian Gregorovius. Almost a millennium later, in 1527 after plunder and rapine by Charles V's troops, Rome's population stood at 32,000. During the past century Rome grew from 201,161 in 1862 to 1,173,034 in 1936. Last week the capital's first census in 15 years found that it is growing almost as fast as Los Angeles, now has 1,600,011 people.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Rudolf the Red-Haired Comrade

Rudolf Slansky, a tall, red-haired butcher's son from a village near Pilsen, was a devoted Communist. A member of the Czech party since he was 18, he made a fine hatchetman—unmoved by compassion, unhampered by principle, unburdened with personal loyalties. Unlike so many Czech politicians who fled to London in World War II, he went to Moscow. There he lived for six years in a special compound reserved for the elite among foreign Communists. He became a better Muscovite than a Czech, which made him a fine teammate for another graduate of the special compound, Klement Gottwald.

Gottwald was amiable, good at fooling non-Communists, an effective front man. But he had to be watched. It was Gottwald who almost put Czechoslovakia into the Marshall Plan in 1947 and had to go to Moscow a few days later for a dressing down. Slansky was never popular in Czechoslovakia. He became the behind-the-scenes man, ran the party apparatus as its secretary general.

Slansky arranged the successful coup of 1948, supervised the purges that followed, used his power as secretary general to install his own people in vital jobs. He was also Moscow's watchdog, and even kept an eye on President Gottwald himself (who, when he has one drink too many, has a habit of talking sarcastically about Communist bigwigs). At Cominform meetings it was Slansky, not Gottwald, who represented Prague.

The Holy Truth. Czechoslovakia, with a higher standard of living than Russia's, is the Kremlin's prize capture. But even the Czech economy sagged under Moscow's insatiable demands for Czech machinery and industrial products. Looking around for higher & higher scapegoats, Slansky clapped into jail Gottwald's good friend, Foreign Minister Vladimir Clementis and Slansky's own good friend Madame Marie Svermova, widow of a Czech Communist hero.

Still Czechoslovakia's performance displeased Moscow, and the people's discontent grew. At an emergency meeting of government officials and party leaders last September, President Gottwald complained that the blame was traceable to one man—Rudolf Slansky. "Comrade Gottwald speaks a holy truth," said Slansky dutifully, "when he says the blame is all with me." Slansky's job as secretary general was abolished, and the party was placed more firmly in Gottwald's control.

A History Unveiled. Then the script changed. Slansky did not disappear. He was "promoted" to Vice Premier and given control of all Czech economic affairs. He continued to get a big play in the Czech press. On his 50th birthday last July 30, he got the Order of Socialism from Gottwald. Only last month the government unveiled with a flourish Slansky's two-volume history of Communism.

Then, one morning last week, the Prague radio announced that "hitherto unknown

facts have come to light. They convict Slansky of activities against the state . . . He has been placed in custody."

It was the first time in all the bloody postwar history of satellite purges that a 100% Muscovite had been picked as the victim. On the surface it looked as if Gottwald had eliminated a dangerous competitor, and there were even people ready to believe that Gottwald was proving himself a potential Tito. More likely,



COMMUNIST SLANSKY
For the most loyal, disgrace.

the Kremlin had decided to jolt Czechoslovakia's rulers into meeting Soviet demands by striking down the man who had seemed safest of all. If the most loyal of them all could be convicted of disloyalty, so might men charged with even greater responsibility—President Gottwald, for example. It was entirely possible that before long, Rudolf and Klement would be teammates again—in disgrace.

INDIA

Letter to Three Companies

Like most of Asia, in the days before Mossadegh, India lit its lamps and powered its gasoline engines largely with Abadan petroleum. Then Abadan shut down. India, pinched for oil (it had to cut civil air traffic 20%), awakened to the fact that it was refining only about 6% of the oil it consumed.

The new state decided that it must refine its own, and that it needed help. But here it ran smack into its own hostility to foreign businessmen. To get oil, India would have to break with old prejudices.

Last week it manfully did. In a letter to the U.S.-owned Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., India's government promised to change its ways and its laws, persuaded Standard-Vacuum to build a \$35 million refinery near Bombay. Specifically, the government would scrap the law that In-

dians must own 51% of the stock of a foreign company. It would give unbreakable guarantees against nationalization for 25 years at least. The refinery will be allowed to import crude oil free of duty, and will get tariff protection.

Similar offers went to Caltex of California and Britain's Burnah-Shell. In return the three outfits would promise to train Indian technicians, employ as much Indian labor as possible, and stimulate Indian industries. By 1955 the companies hope to have three oil refineries worth \$100 million, producing two to three million tons of refined products a day. A compact advantageous to both parties, it is also welcome as the first major investment of private U.S. capital in India since India won its independence.

SIAM

Revolution by News Broadcast

"Oh, God," moaned an over-emotional Siamese consul in Singapore last week, "what will happen to our King now?" The answer to this rhetorical question—in a land which most Americans are apt to regard as a musical-comedy setting—was: nothing whatever. In the 19 years since Siam became a constitutional monarchy, her political history has been punctuated by eight *coups d'état*, none of which had any profound effect on the powerless ruling House of Chakkri. Last week, young hepcat King Phumiphon Adundet,* his pretty Queen Sirikit and their eight-month-old daughter Princess Lotus Precious Stone arrived home from Switzerland to find their nation just recovering from one of the quietest coups in its history.

The dancing feet in Bangkok's perennially gay nightspots had scarcely missed a beat when the government radio announced that "due to present world tension and the Communist infiltration in parliamentary circles, the Army, Navy, Air Force, police and patriotic Siamese had found it necessary to stage a military *coup d'état*." Most of Bangkok merely sighed and carried on. It had been a revolution by news broadcast.

There were two good reasons why the coup was quiet: 1) all the nation's armed forces for once were on the same side; 2) efficient strong-man Premier Phibun Songgram, the ablest engineer of coups in the country, had staged this one against himself to streamline his government. After four hours, during which he was thrown out of office by prearrangement with his generals, admirals and air marshals, the Premier re-emerged at the head of a government more powerful than ever.

The only victim was Siamese democracy itself, never a vigorous adversary. In place of a two-chamber parliament, half of whose members were elected, Phibun's new government would operate by consent of a one-chamber, one-party parliament, all of whose members would be appointed by Phibun.

* Composer of *Blue Night*, in Mike Todd's Broadway musical, *Peep Show*.

JAPAN

"Don't Hug Me Too Tight"

From Tokyo this week, on the tenth anniversary of Pearl Harbor, TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin cabled a report on the state of Japan:

SIX years ago, Emperor Hirohito, speaking to his people in the hour of defeat and surrender, composed a poem:

*Man should be like the manly pine
That does not change its color
Though bearing the fallen snow.*

Pearl Harbor Day, 1951, finds Japan a rising sun once more, and the snow on the manly pine melting fast. The most dynamic, aggressive and industrialized people in Asia are again preparing themselves for the responsibilities and delights of

the privileges—the luxury houses, the cheap and plentiful servants, the free schools—they have enjoyed for six years is understandable enough; the men who have run the most benevolent occupation in history have little to apologize for. But they have a lot to learn.

For Foreigners Only. The Japanese are tired of the irritating inequalities of occupation. They have had more than enough of the sleek new cabs for "tourists" or "foreigners only," the so-called specialty stores that sell luxury goods, tax free, to foreigners only. In Tokyo alone there are more than 40 beer halls, off limits to Japanese, where Japanese-made beer sells for a little under 20¢ a bottle; the same beer, with tax, can cost the Japanese 90¢ or more a bottle. SCAP has started removing some of these irritations, but meanwhile it is adding others. During the

Yen for Neutrality. Most thinking Japanese recognize that the security pact is as much if not more to Japan's immediate advantage than it is to the U.S.'s. They know that Japan has, as yet, no army, navy or air force; and that the U.S. will defend them if they are attacked. But there are dissidents, daily growing more vocal, who want no part of the U.S. protection or alliance. Three completely divergent groups—the liberal intellectuals, the resurgent militarists and the Communists—are united, for different reasons, in a cry that Japan remain neutral between the free West and the Russian East.

The motives of the Communists, who are a real but not immediate threat, are obvious. The liberal intellectuals frankly fear the militarists and think the best way to keep them from coming to power again is to keep the nation's armaments down and its foreign policy neutral. The militarists want the U.S. to give Japan the skeleton of an army, navy and air force (which the U.S. is planning to do) and then get out. Once in power, they want to be free to make their own deals with the camp they think will win.

One of the militarists' more vocal spokesmen is bullet-headed, bullet-riddled ex-Colonel Shigenobu Tsuji (30 times wounded in campaigns in China, Burma, Malaya and India). Tsuji crackles as he talks, speaking, as he puts it in the Japanese phrase, "with his drawers down." He is on the government's purge list, but makes no effort to hide his contempt for the purge and for Liberal Premier Yoshida's administration. He has written a book in which he seriously questions whether the U.S. can win an all-out war with Russia. Tsuji wants U.S. arms but he does not want to be bound in partnership with the U.S. Says he: "I like you, but don't bug me too tight."

Spree with Profits. These restless groups are simply a shadow of a more acute danger that haunts Japan: a major economic crisis.

Like Britain, Japan must import raw materials from which to fashion exports. And, like Britain, Japan cannot earn enough dollars with her exports to pay for her imports. Before the Korean war, Japan was on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. Since the war, Japanese businessmen have reaped huge profits from more than \$500 million in U.N. orders (e.g., freight cars, transportation services, repairs to U.N. tanks, planes, ships and artillery pieces). They have enjoyed the profits without assuming the responsibilities of war.

A U.S. bicycle manufacturer, for instance, is strictly limited in the amount of nickel he may use. Japanese manufacturers may use all they can buy. Japanese businessmen have plunged into a spree of lavish (and tax free) expense-account entertainment, bigger and shinier foreign cars, extravagant nightclubs and pleasure palaces. The sight of an exhort stopped beside a Cadillac or a Jaguar is no novelty in downtown Tokyo. In this spendthrift, neon-lighted economic chaos, gangsters,



Joe Scherschel—LIFE

WELL-STOCKED TOKYO DEPARTMENT STORE
A new independence—or a new occupation?

sovereignty. Already the scene is changing. Trim, alert members of the National Police Reserve (nucleus of the army Japan must inevitably raise to defend herself) train with U.S. carbines, mortars, bazookas and light machine guns. The old *zaibatsu* (financial cliques) are reviving under new names. Recently a dozen offspring of the old Mitsubishi Commercial Co. combined into four large firms.

Are these only the normal manifestations of a vigorous people coming once more into their own? Japan's approaching independence portends an all-important shift in the balance of power in Asia.

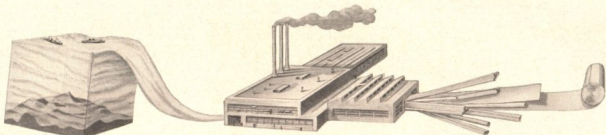
For the present and for the foreseeable future, Japan is solidly encamped with the free world. But she is going to stay in camp on her own terms. Unfortunately stubborn SCAP brass give little if any indication that they appreciate the difference between an army of occupation and a security force in a sovereign nation. The occupiers' unwillingness to give up

past few months, the U.S. Army has replaced its inconspicuous jeeps with a fleet of 800 sleek, wide-bodied, olive-drab sedans, which use up more parking space in Tokyo's already jam-packed streets, while apparently serving no more useful purpose than a softer ride for occupation brass.

It is no secret that SCAP's proposals for carrying out the terms of the security pact amount to little less than straightforward continuation of many aspects of the occupation. Ridgway's advisers would like to keep the Dai Ichi Building (No. 1 symbol of the occupation), the Imperial Hotel, the Ernie Pyle Theater and a host of lesser buildings and facilities in the Tokyo area. Even more important, particularly in the Orient where the word itself is anathema, the Army wants complete extraterritoriality for its military and civilian personnel. The prospect of such privileges led one member of the Japanese House of Councilors to speak of "a new occupation."

MAGNESIUM

and the *problem of* **METAL SUPPLY**



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blackmarketeers and slick operators—U.S., Chinese and Korean as well as Japanese—wax fat and prosperous. More and more worried Japanese are aware that the imperial city is in danger of becoming another Shanghai.

The Russian and Chinese Communists are getting in the act, too. Last month Russian trade representatives asked to talk with Japanese Diet members. Said the Russians: "It pains us to see Japan import coal from the U.S. at \$30 a ton when it can easily be imported from Sakhalin at \$10 a ton." Of the Chinese Communist desire for direct barter trade, one Japanese businessman quipped: "It's really quite simple. The Chinese Reds want to swap their coal and iron ore for some of our light consumer goods—armorplate, steel rails, generators and locomotives."

The businessmen may joke now, but as Japan's dollar shortage worsens, the appeal of Russian coal at \$10 a ton and Chinese iron ore at \$8 to \$12 a ton is going to become more and more attractive.

Last week Detroit Banker Joe Dodge, a SCAP financial consultant, departed for the States after nearly a month of high-pressure conferences with the Japanese government. Before he left, he warned the country that unless it tightens its belt and mends its ways, it faces economic collapse. His warnings could not be heard above the din on the Ginza, where the Christmas shopping rush was on. Urban Japanese have taken to Christmas as enthusiastically as they took to baseball half a century ago. The Ginza's stalls were packed to their rickety rafters with U.S.-style toy tanks, jeeps, cigarette lighters and waltzing bears. The Colosseum-like Nichigeki Cinema Palace featured a stripteaser who solemnly went through her act to alternate strains of *White Christmas* and *Silent Night*.

The Mocking Laugh. Not all of Japan could be painted in such somber or such gaudy colors. The G.I.s and U.S. civilians who made the occupation a success enjoy a broad base of respect among the Japanese. The Japanese have also heard Vishinsky's mocking laugh at disarmament, and they are hearing, increasingly, the sound of Russian military preparations in the Far East. By heavy bomber, Vladivostok is less than three hours from Tokyo.

The next few months and the next few years will be equally difficult for both the U.S. and Japan. Japan must recognize that sovereignty in 1951 does not mean what it meant in 1941. The U.S. must recognize that full and equal partnership is the only basis for mutual, long-term friendship in the face of a common enemy.

NEW ZEALAND

Piffle

Prime Minister Sidney Holland, searching his vocabulary for a succinct description of an opposing Labor Party argument, last week thought he had exactly the right word. He blurted it out: "Piffle." He was promptly interrupted by Speaker Matthew Oram, who said sternly: "The Right Honorable gentleman must withdraw."



Associated Press

COLONEL SHISHEKY

"I don't want to become a dictator."

The Speaker was invoking an old rule which provides that a word or phrase once officially banned in parliamentary debate cannot be used again. As a result, no M.P. can call another a *bonehead*, *windbag*, *twister* or *underfed dwarf*, say he lacks *guts* or *intestinal fortitude*, describe his speech as *ballyhoo*, *cant* and *humbug*, or *cheap* and *nasty*.

But a ban on *piffle* was too much; there was getting to be a dearth of debate-worthy epithets. Last week a movement began to amend the old rule, so that men can once more be men, and debate become something not to be piffled with.

SYRIA

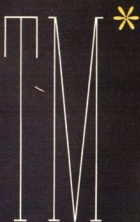
Out from Behind the Throne

In the past two years, through coups and crises and a succession of Premiers, the strong man of Syria has been a small, thin, professional soldier named Colonel Adib Shisheky. Shisheky, 44, now Syria's chief of staff, came to power through a coup in December 1949, and has been living dangerously ever since. Last year a would-be assassin took a pot shot at him; today, Shisheky maintains three houses, sleeps in a different one each night. A morose, short-tempered man who shuns publicity, he has been content to run the show from the background. Last week, for the first time, he came out into the open.

At 7:30 one evening, a 47-year-old, silken-mouthed Syrian politician named Marouf Dawalibi announced that he had formed a cabinet, Syria's first in three weeks. Dawalibi, a bearded law professor with a French wife, is a man of accumulated hates. He is anti-British, anti-Israeli, anti-American. He once said that "the Arabs would prefer a thousandfold to become a Soviet republic rather than a prey to world Jewry."

But it was not such demagogic nonsense that bothered Colonel Shisheky, who,

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in a very practical way, is probably more pro-West than most Syrian politicians. The trouble was that Dawalibi wanted to take over the Defense Ministry—the power spot in the cabinet—controlling army, police and gendarmerie. That was a post usually reserved for a Shisheky stogie.

Nine hours after Dawalibi named his cabinet, Shisheky's soldiers and tanks appeared in the streets of Damascus; Dawalibi and his ministers were arrested and imprisoned in an officers' club. Shisheky issued something called "Communiqué No. 1," announcing that Dawalibi and his entire cabinet had quit.

At week's end, Shisheky, still worried, decided to make a clean sweep of all remaining potential resistance to his power. The single most respected name in Syrian politics is 85-year-old Hashem Bey Attassi, former Syrian nationalist leader who was unanimously elected president by Parliament in Sept. 1950. This week, murmuring appropriate thanks to Attassi for his integrity, Shisheky issued "Communiqué No. 2," tossing Attassi out of the presidency, and dissolving parliament. Then he reached into his vest pocket for a Colonel Fawzi Silo, whom he installed as chief of state, Premier and defense minister, pending "restoration of normal parliamentary life."

Having bloodlessly disposed of Premier, cabinet, president and Parliament, Shisheky called in Arab editors and announced: "I don't want to become a dictator. I am a simple colonel, and my duty is as chief of staff. All of the country's responsibilities are in the hands of Silo."

Even behind this subterfuge, it was doubtful whether Shisheky felt completely safe yet. Vital statistics: the last two chiefs of staff before him had also pulled coups, ruled briefly, were deposed and killed.

CHINA

"Kill Them! Kill Them!"

The trial took place in Canton, in a hall named for Sun Yat-sen, who learned his Christianity from missionaries. Five Canadian nuns, after nearly nine months in Red China's jails, stood up before a howling mob of 6,000. The "people's court" heard the charges against them: "Neglect, inhuman treatment and murder" of more than 2,000 orphans. One witness, an eleven-year-old girl, shrilly testified that she had been locked up with other youngsters in a room infested with hungry rats that ate at the children's flesh. The sisters, all from the Holy Child orphanage, which for 42 years had given succor and shelter to abandoned Chinese children, were denounced by the Red judge as "vicious imperialists."

"Kill them! Kill them! Kill their families, too!" screamed the listening mob. When it surged forward, the judge shouted: "No! No! Don't beat them yet." Two of the nuns were sentenced to five years' imprisonment; the others were ordered expelled from China. Then the five were paraded, to be mocked and spat upon, through the streets of Sun Yat-sen's city.



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PEOPLE

The British Look

In Newcastle, to dedicate a new engineering section at Kings College, the **Duke of Edinburgh** unfurled for the first time his own personal standard, recently approved by his father-in-law. Three feet long and two feet wide (impaled with his own arms and those of Elizabeth), the pennant includes a total of ten lions: six English, three Danish and one Scottish.

In Manhattan for a short visit, **Norman Hartnell**, dress designer for the royal family, answered some fashion queries. British women, he said, looked their best in "classic" tweeds; French women "in little black cocktail frocks"; and American women "looked good in anything." How about his distinguished customers? **Queen Elizabeth**, **Princess Elizabeth** and **Princess Margaret**, he said, traditionally choose pastel colors. Reason: they offer better visibility in a public appearance.

Announcement of former Prime Minister **Clement Attlee's** dissolution honors list included an earldom for **Viscount Jowitt**, the Labor government's Lord Chancellor; a Companionship of Honor for its Foreign Secretary **Herbert Morrison**; a baronage for **David Kirkwood**, thistly Scottish labor leader; and a knighthood for **Dr. Walter Fergusson Hannay**, the surgeon who cleared up Attlee's foot eczema and his duodenal ulcer.

Back of Beyond

Winnie Ruth Judd, 46, the "blonde tigress" trunk slayer of 20 years ago (she shot two women friends, dismembered the bodies, shipped them from Phoenix to Los Angeles), made her fourth escape from the



International

CLEM & WINNIE

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Arizona State Hospital for the Insane. Less than 24 hours later she was picked up on the street in Phoenix.

Old Athlete **Jim Thorpe** decided it was time to settle one point about the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm (after which he was disqualified as an amateur because he had played professional baseball) and threatened to sue the A.A.U. It was bad enough, he said, for the Olympic Committee to take back the medals he had won, "but I do hold that the officials had no right to take back the bronze bust of himself that **King Gustav V** of Sweden gave me or the jewel-studded silver Viking ship the **Czar of Russia** asked me to accept. They belong to me and must be returned or I will bring a suit for damages."

The latest list of collectors' items from the rare book department of Charles Scribner's Sons in Manhattan included a copy of the declaration which launched the Franco-Prussian War, signed by **Kaiser Wilhelm**, and priced at \$2,750. It was a gift from **Rudolph Hess** to his good friend **Adolf Hitler** and inscribed in gold: "To the Führer, Christmas, 1938, in which year he twice overran borders in order to bring back German territory into the Reich." Among half a dozen other books from the Führer's personal library: autographed first editions by Authors **Alfred Rosenberg**, **Joseph Goebbels** and **Ernst Roehm**; a German translation of Henry Ford's *My Life and Work*, inscribed by piano-thumping **Ernst** ("Putzi") **Hanfstaengl**, "Mit allen besten Wünschen für 1924." Price for the lot: \$4,500.

War & Peace

Back from the NATO meetings in Rome, Secretary of the Army **Frank Pace** arrived at Washington's National Airport, where a bright-eyed young lady gave photographers the chance to record a candid study in the technique of homecoming welcome. With happy six-year-old aban-

don, **Priscilla Pace** catapulted to the arms of her father, who welcomed the assault with obvious pleasure. At week's end Pace left his official problems long enough to go on another trip, this time to join the gold braid section in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, where he watched Navy trounce Army, 42-7.

Representing the top college football team in the East, Princeton's Captain **Dave Hickok** and Coach **Charlie Caldwell** accepted the Lambert Trophy which goes with the title. Later, another tradition was followed when the father of an alumnus invited the varsity members to be his guests for a day of pheasant hunting on his 1,500-acre estate near Princeton. In fine fettle, Tiger Star **Dick Kazmaier*** proved that his trigger finger was just as good as his passing eye by bagging a brace of birds.

Hungarian-born Caterers **Frederick** and **Maria Florin**, who own a farm near Chartwell, Kent, followed their ten-year-old custom of baking a birthday cake for their well-known neighbor **Winston Churchill**. For the Prime Minister's 77th birthday, they delivered to 10 Downing Street a monumental 80-lb. confection in the shape of a flat-topped bowler hat, heavily iced with chocolate and decorated with 200 fancy sugary feathers commemorating some of the honors and triumphs in the long Churchillian career.† Biggest feather of all bore the name **Clementine**, for his wife, who has shared his ups & downs for the past 43 years.

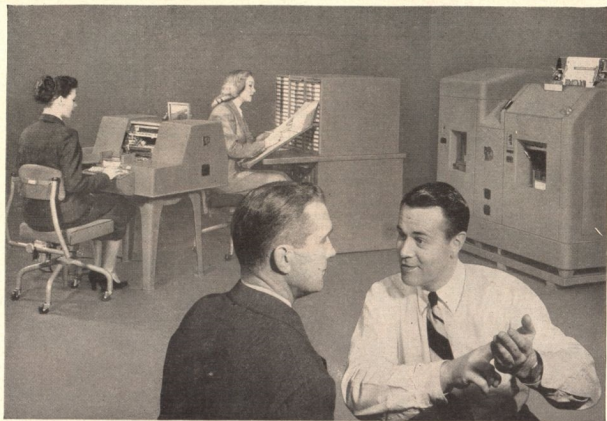
* For other news of Princeton's Kazmaier, see **SPORT**.

† Including a paraphrase from **TIME's** most recent Churchill cover story (his eighth): "Where they saw despair, he saw hope; where they saw defeat, he saw challenge; where they saw surrender, he saw opportunity to attack. And in the darkness of 1940, he dared to tell history: 'This is our finest hour!'"



Associated Press

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For Production Executives: New 56-page study, *Production Control Systems and Procedures (X1268)*—outlines complete procedures for engineering, production planning and progress, machine load, material and tool procurement and control. Call the nearest Remington Rand Business Equipment Center, or write to Management Controls Reference Library, Room 1515, 315 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York.



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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK
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MEDICINE

Snow-Mountain Sickness

In the rugged Schneeberg region straddling the border between Czechoslovakia and East Germany, the Russians have herded half a million human beings to dig uranium. Sanitary conditions are among the world's worst: open sewers and crowded barracks breed typhoid and dysentery, rats spread plague, and prostitution keeps the venereal disease-rate high. Last week, westbound fugitives from the mines told of an added horror which has turned many miners into choking wrecks: *Schneeberger Krankheit* (Snow-Mountain sickness).

In the Middle Ages, silver miners sickened and died of it. In the last century, cobalt and bismuth miners caught it. In

dist, and to wear long rubber boots. But it is impossible to suppress the dust entirely, and the Russians are not copying the German plan of rotating the miners after two years. Before that is likely to happen, many a Schneeberg slave worker will be dead.

"It Keeps You Watching"

There were no spectators to get in the surgeon's way as he operated on a rectal fistula one morning last week at the University of Kansas Medical Center. Yet 140 students watched his every move and each turn of the knife more closely than if they had been jostling each other and craning their necks to look over his arm. The students were in an auditorium, 100



U. OF KANSAS: OPERATION ON COLOR TV
Movies always had a happy ending.

the 1920s, the German government awarded compensation to the Schneeberg miners, and forbade them to work there more than two years in a row. Until the Reds took over, *Schneeberger Krankheit* affected only a score or so of miners a year. In the atomic age, the true nature of the illness has been revealed.

Schneeberger Krankheit is not one disease, but a combination of three: 1) silicosis, caused by inhaling finely powdered rock dust, 2) cancer, brought on by radiation from the pitchblende, and 3) tuberculosis, as a complication of the first two. At first, the victim feels short of breath. Then he gets acute pains in the chest and back, and begins to cough a lot. Later comes a racking, bloody cough, rapid loss of weight, and a grey, cadaverous look about the face. The victim is doomed, though he may suffer on for months or years.

The current outbreak is so severe that Communist authorities are worried about a drop in output. They have ordered miners to wet down the pit walls, to lay the

yards away, watching the operation on color-television receivers.

Thus began the first regular schedule of color-TV demonstrations for undergraduate and graduate students in a U.S. medical school. It marked the biggest advance in the techniques of medical education in many a year.

The students were even more enthusiastic about it than the surgeon-professors. The University of Kansas has used black & white TV for two years, but the switch to color ("like the difference between a wheelbarrow and a Cadillac") makes it far easier for students to tell a nerve from a tendon, something which was impossible among confusing shades of grey. Color TV is also an improvement over color movies. Says one Kansas student: "In the movies, you always knew everything would come out all right. Here, you never know when the guy will strike a snag. It keeps you watching."

In the operating theater, the TV camera's lens turret is mounted in the over-



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head light, directly above the surgeon's table. This has two advantages: it keeps the lens turret out of the surgeon's way, and it keeps him out of the camera's way—no surgeon gets in his own light while operating. To cut down reflected glare, some of the shiny instruments have been given a dull, gun-metal finish.

The operating surgeon wears a throat microphone so that he can explain every cut and stitch. Another professor listens in with the students; if he thinks that anything is unclear, he can use his half of the two-way circuit to ask the operating surgeon to spell it out. On another circuit, a senior surgeon can give advice to the operator, unheard by the students.

The \$35,000 TV setup will cost at least \$8,000 a year to run. But, says Head Surgeon Paul W. Schafer, "We figure it's worth it ten times over."



POSTER BOY GROSS
Paying for a longer leg.

Capsules

¶ Larry Jim Gross, son of an Air Force weatherman now stationed in Germany, was crippled by polio at 16 months. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has paid for most of his long and costly care, including an operation to lengthen his left leg. Now Larry is repaying his debt by helping other polio victims: his picture has been chosen for the foundation's March of Dimes drive, which gets under way Jan. 2, Larry's seventh birthday.

¶ The National Research Council and the American Medical Association made it unanimous last week: they backed up the American Dental Association, agreed that the addition of fluorides to public water supplies is both safe and effective in checking tooth decay.

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Political Pall

Candidates who had planned to carry their fight to the people next year over the nation's 3,165 radio & TV stations may be in for a shock. The Federal Communications Commission last week handed down a ruling that could set political campaigning back to the pre-radio era.

The ruling was directed at New Orleans' station WDSU, whose broadcast license was up for a routine renewal. Last year, in a mayoralty campaign, WDSU refused to let Candidate Alvin Cobb make a radio speech because the station's lawyers decided that some of his proposed statements were obviously libelous. The refusal, said the FCC, was a clear violation of the law which re-

Shrinking Oasis

TV's children's hour is largely a desert of western films and space-ship serials. But for the past four years, Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran & Ollie* (weekdays 7 p.m., NBC) has flourished in this desert as an oasis of intelligent fantasy. Last week the oasis was still there, but it was growing smaller: NBC had cut the show from half an hour to 15 minutes.

NBC gave a complicated explanation for its hatchet-work. The simplest and weightiest reason was that *Kukla* had recently lost two of its four sponsors (Procter & Gamble, and LIFE). What NBC didn't explain was why this same reason didn't apply to *Bob & Ray*, a heavy-handed—and unsponsored—satirical show



KUKLA, OLLIE & FRAN
 Is someone mad at the human race?

Gordon Coster—LIFE

quires a station to give radio time to all candidates or none, and forbids any altering of any candidate's speech.

What about libel? The FCC expressed his bureaucratic regrets, but insisted that if a candidate libels his opponent or anyone else, the station must take its chances in court with the libeler. Explained an FCC spokesman: "We can't protect the stations in such instances. Congress has established the law, and the commission is forced to enforce it..."

A few states and one territory* have already enacted protective legislation safeguarding the stations from such libel actions. But unless Congress acts to take all broadcasters off the libel hook, many stations may adopt the only alternative left them and refuse to carry any political speeches at all.

* California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Michigan, Nebraska, Virginia, Wyoming and Hawaii.

moved in as a replacement for the last 15 minutes of *Kukla*.

Whatever the reason, *Kukla* fans rose as one in loud and loyal protest. The Washington *Times-Herald* filled its TV column with angry letters ("Who's responsible for this brainstorm—someone who's mad at the human race?"). The New York *Times*'s Jack Gould complained that "minority" viewers were being disenfranchised, and that TV's future clearly belonged to "Captain Video, Gene Autry and Milton Berle." Playwright Robert Sherwood (*The Petrified Forest, Idiot's Delight*) wrote "a letter of violent protest" to NBC, charged that "the loss of this rare and remarkable program would be a calamity."

In Chicago, where *Kukla* originates, the gloom was blackest. Local pride had already been blistered by NBC's canceling of Chicago's successful *Garroway at Large* show. The trade journal, *TV Forecast*, lamented: "The TV handwringing now is



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the skin, which leaves your face with its natural moisture intact... helps protect it from sun, wind and cold.



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on the wall. All major programs will be coming from New York or Hollywood... The Midwest touch is no longer wanted."

The softest protest came from the storm center. Ollie, the one-toothed dragon, popped with indignation on the first truncated show, but he was soon pacified by Kukla's wistful unawareness of reality. Creator Burr Tillstrom even tried to cooperate by shortening his name to "Burtlestrom," to speed up the list of the show's credits. Said Tillstrom: "I don't want to do any crusading. My job is to stay on the air."

New Shows

Most people would assume that singers were born to sing. But TVmen are likely to see things a little differently. In two of three new television shows, the singers are almost buried under plot and counterplot, characterization and attempted comedy.

The RCA Victor Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC) is a 30-minute showcase for Ezio Pinza, dedicated to "elegance, romance and urbane living." Pinza is occasionally permitted to burst into song, but mostly performs as a monologist, a timorous lover, and a straight man for visiting comics, e.g., Lew Parker, Bert Lahr.

Those Two (Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:30 p.m., NBC) employs six writers to help Singer Vivian (*Guys and Dolls*) Blaine get through a 15-minute show. In the long, arid stretches between songs, Vivian exchanges feeble, Runyonesque banter with Comic Pinky Lee, a pint-sized amalgam of Buster Keaton, Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor.

The Dinah Shore Show (Tues. & Thurs., 7:30 p.m., NBC), through some happy oversight, lets Dinah sing almost without interruption. There was one skit on the opening show, but it was a musical parody on the different techniques for putting over a song on radio and on TV. Supporting Dinah Shore's engaging performance are the Rhythmairs.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 7. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Rigoletto*, with Tucker, Gueden, Warren.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Lost Weekend*, with William Holden, Brenda Marshall.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *The Lemon Drop Kid*, with Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Ed Wynn.

Basketball (Sat. 9 p.m., ABC). Maryland v. Pennsylvania.

See It Now (Sun. 3:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow's first-rate new television news show (TIME, Nov. 26).

Somerset Maugham Theater (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Eddie Albert in *Smith Serves*.



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SPORT

Top Dog

The gleaming retriever sat quivering with expectancy as the shotguns shattered the stillness of the misty morning in Washington's rainswept Snoqualmie River valley. The first pheasant dropped behind the dog. The second, whirling off into the mist, wheeled at the shot and fell into the brush to one side. The third was brought down just across the river. Then the handler issued a sharp command: "Fetch!"

Off like an uncoiling spring, the dog dashed for the bird that fell behind him. Gingerly he nuzzled it, rolling the bird a bit so that he could pick it up without crushing it, raced back to his handler and dropped the unruffled pheasant into his outstretched hand. With a nod from his handler, he crashed into the brush and retrieved the second bird.

Panting, the dog paused for a moment. Then he plunged into the icy stream, heading toward the spot where the third bird fell. Head down, he began to range the area. The handler's whistle brought him up short. The retriever looked at his handler for guidance, watched the wave of his arm, and began his ranging again a bit to the left. A moment later he spotted the bird, picked it up, and, head high, breasted the river again to bring it back to his handler.

By most anybody's retrieving standards, the performance was exceptional. But last week at the National Retriever Field Trials it was barely above average. The cream of the nation's retrievers—Labradors, Chesapeake Bays and goldens—were on hand. All had gone through rigorous elimination trials to qualify for the big one.

The sober trio of judges was looking for the top dog, the one which could best

meet the seven exacting requirements: nose for game, control and steadiness under the gun, ability to mark game, gentleness in "mouthing" the find, speed of retrieving and delivery, style and drive and, most important, "game sense."

After the rugged first day's trials, only eight of the 39 competitors were out of the running. Two days later, with the field narrowed to five (four Labradors and one golden), the judges called for one final test: a difficult double retrieve across the snow-fed Tolt River. The ruddy golden, Ready Always of Marianhill, against 4-1 odds and a standing tradition,* finally won with a flourishing, flawless finish. Happy Owner Mahlon B. Wallace of Clayton, Mo. was ready with Ready Always' reward: "Right now I think we'll feed him a steak."

Boos & Catcalls

The 1951 football season, plagued by a succession of athletic scandals and disgraced by a sudden rash of dirty play, came to an end last week with a few final boos and catcalls. Among them:

¶ The shaky Missouri Valley Conference seemed on the verge of breaking up for good over the case of Drake Halfback Johnny Bright. When conference officials refused to take any action in the slugging that broke his jaw (TIME, Nov. 5 *et. seq.*), Drake withdrew from the conference, was promptly followed by Bradley University (which has three players awaiting sentence in the basketball fix scandal).

¶ The venerable Ivy League was treated to an angry post-mortem after the rough-house Dartmouth-Princeton game which sidelined twelve players, including Prince-

* Over a 15-year stretch, Labradors have won 117 trials, goldens, 38, Chesaupes, 15.



Charles Kingston

RETRIEVER TRIALS IN WASHINGTON: "READY ALWAYS" AT WORK
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AIR LINES

ton's All-America Halfback Dick Kazmaier (concussion and broken nose) and Dartmouth Quarterback Jim Miller (broken leg). Princeton Quarterback George Stevens accused Dartmouth End Don Myers of deliberately trying to knock Kazmaier out of the game; other Princetonians claimed that Myers had also wound up another play by booting a Tiger lineman in the back.

¶ The rough & ready Southwest Conference produced a "grudge game" which even had the eyes of Texans popping. At one point a Texas substitute hurtled off the bench to slug a Texas A.&M. player; before the game was over, the fans had engaged in a free-for-all, and the referee had paced off 140 yards in penalties.

In all the hue & cry, the clearest warning came from Indiana's Coach Clyde Smith, quitting under alumni pressure after a disappointing season (two wins, seven losses). Said he: "We, as coaches, and the universities, as educational institutions, have sold our athletic heritage for a mess of pottage . . . We must be willing to accept in part the blame for the inroads made by protected gambling into the field of university athletics . . . You can't buy a boy's body and expect him to play with his heart and soul."

Basketball also got a few more lumps last week. On the eve of its opening game, City College of New York discovered that four more athletic admission records had been tampered with, including that of its current captain, Arnold Smith.

All-Americas of 1951

With sharpened pencils and thick wads of statistics, the nation's football experts sat down last week to pick the All-America team of 1951. As they did last year, most of the experts took due note of the two-platoon system by picking a 22-man squad. As always, there was no lack of experts to do the choosing—for the Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, *Look*, plus a host of minor-league operators. The top eleven:

	Wt.	Ht.
(E) Bill McColl*	225	6'4"
(T) Jim Weatherall*	220	6'4"
(G) Les Richter*	225	6'2"
(C) Dick Hightower	205	6'1"
(G) Bob Ward	185	5'10"
(T) Don Coleman	180	5'10"
(E) Frank McPhee	200	6'3"
(B) Larry Isbell	180	6'2"
(B) Hank Lauricella	170	5'10"
(B) Dick Kazmaier	171	5'11"
(B) Ollie Matson	203	6'2"

Death of an Iron Man

Villanova College on Philadelphia's Main Line has only a small (10,000 seats) stadium of its own, but it takes its football in deadly earnest. This year it won five out of eight games on a rugged road schedule that included Army, Alabama, Kentucky, Houston, Boston College and Louisiana State. The player who helped Villanova snap back each Saturday was its 60-minute iron man, Co-Captain Domenic

* Repeaters from last year.

TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1951



Steel has a hide that stretches too

The right sheet steel for your new home laundry dryer, or important parts of washers and ironers, needs a tough "hide" as flexible as an alligator's so it won't break and peel off when the products are made.

That's why Armco developed ZINGRIP. This special steel has a flexible, protective zinc coating that sticks tightly to the steel base. This is important to you. It means there will be no uncoated spots for rust to attack.

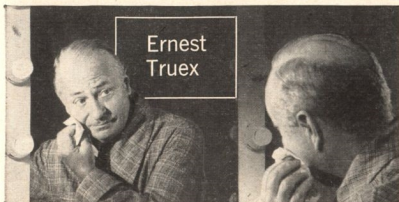
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Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Ernest Truex knows that this wonderful shaving cream helps him shave comfortably, have soft, smooth-looking skin.

Wearing and removing heavy stage make-up several times a day leaves actors' faces sensitive to the razor, prone to wrinkled, old-looking skin. And for actors, looking one's best is important to returns at the box office.

To help all men with sensitive skin, the J. B. Williams Company has added a wonderful new ingredient to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, contains 25 times the beneficial properties of the well-known skin conditioner, plain lanolin. It lets you shave close, yet helps

free your skin from the risk of painful nicks and scratches.

If your position, too, requires good grooming at all times, use the New Williams Shaving Cream with Extract of Lanolin every time you shave. It helps your skin preserve its youthful qualities, take on that healthy glow... helps you look your very best at all times.

Start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. If you prefer a brushless shaving cream try new Williams Brushless. It contains the same luxurious shaving cream qualities.

Add this modern touch
to your home!



MERCURY SWITCH



GUESTS ADMIRE the modern touch of a G-E mercury switch. They're fascinated by its smooth, completely silent operation. You'll like it, too, for the way it outlasts ordinary switches.



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("Nick") Liotta, a steamrolling (5 ft. 11 in., 220 lbs.) guard from Everett, Mass.

Nick was popular and a paradox. On the surface, he was a roughshewn hellion, who prided himself in dressing sloppily, once showed up barefooted for a publicity picture. But Nick also had the squad's best scholastic record and liked to listen by the hour to classical operatic recordings. Planing to and from games, he would entertain his teammates by braying in a gravelly baritone the brokenhearted clown's famous lament from *I Pagliacci*.

Flying down to the Louisiana State game a fortnight ago, Nick was unaccountably silent. The Saturday before, up in Nick's home territory, Villanova had taken a 20-13 defeat from Boston College. This time, the iron man himself had not snapped back. Moody and morose, he



Associated Press

VILLANOVA'S LIOTTA
After the games, a lament.

sat staring straight ahead in the plane, deaf to all efforts to cheer him.

Only hours before the L.S.U. game, he brightened for a moment when told that Grantland Rice had picked him as a first-string offensive guard on *Look's* All-America team. Against L.S.U., Nick played 55 minutes, took a terrific physical beating. But he could do little to prevent the Wildcats' 45-7 rout by the Southern team that was only a six-point pre-game favorite. Going home that night in the plane, Nick could not sleep as his teammates did. Through his bruised lips, he kept muttering: "I'm no good. I'm no good."

At 6 o'clock one morning last week, Nick arose in his Villanova dormitory, got a length of telephone wire and went down into the basement. There he noosed one end of the wire around his neck, got up on an old wash basin, tied the other end of the wire around a ceiling pipe. Then he jumped. Some time between then and noon, when a team trainer found him, the wire broke under the strain. By then, it was too late for Nick Liotta.



Many Happy Returns!

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Home for Christmas. Magic words! But where's the magic to keep stormbound skyways and highways from turning the promise into bitter disappointment?

You'll find that all-weather magic on New York Central! Travel in a cozily air-

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HOLIDAY ALL THE WAY! Enjoy good fellowship in the club car. Relax in your lean-back coach seat, or your Pullman hotel-room-on-wheels. Arrive refreshed and ready for Christmas!

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*Companion Treasure
Island glasses by Libbey
to match your Decanter
available at leading stores
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Treasure Island

GIFT DECANTER

By any measure, it's a pleasure to give or to get the sparkling new Kentucky Tavern *Treasure Island* Decanter! And it's full of that same good Bonded Kentucky Straight Bourbon that, year after year, more and more people call "The Aristocrat of Bonds." Bottled-in-Bond, 100 Proof. $\frac{4}{5}$ Qt.

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GLENMORE. The Little Colonels are ringing the bell for a great Kentucky Straight Bourbon with more than a million and a half barrels of experience behind every drop. And the gay design is available in $\frac{1}{2}$ Qt. and pint gift packages. 90 Proof.



OLD THOMPSON. The "Wed • In • The • Wood" Whiskey, with the Extra Step that makes it *A Finer Blend From Old Kentucky*, is wrapped and ready to go in its colorful "Ribbon" package. $\frac{1}{2}$ Qt. Blended whiskey, 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ % straight whiskies — 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Grain Neutral Spirits.

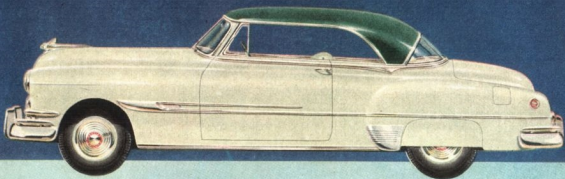
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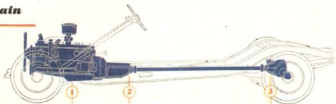
BE sure to see the great 1952 Pontiac! It brings you General Motors' sensational new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive* — coupled with Pontiac's great high-compression engine—and a new high-performance, economy axle. At the touch of your finger, you can elect to have tremendous acceleration and snap and go! Or,

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THE POWER YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT A PONTIAC • PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

I Am a Camera (by John van Druten) is an interesting stage piece though an unsatisfactory play. A pastiche of Christopher Isherwood's tales of Berlin in 1930—a decadent city already loud with Nazism—the play uses young Chris himself as a camera eye. But what counts most are the very candid camera shots of an English girl named Sally Bowles—a bad little good girl, strenuously bohemian, ostentatiously wanton, spotted with living without really having been touched by life. Julie (*Member of the Wedding*) Harris plays Sally brilliantly, with amazing verve,



John Seymour Erwin

JULIE HARRIS AS SALLY BOWLES
A bad little good girl.

and with a naughty-child air saves her from seeming nastily tarnished.

Sally is the center of attention for a play that has no center itself. There is expressive writing, deft direction, some touching minor characters. But the camera cannot quite decide between an individual photograph and a group picture, a person and a place. Sally creates a sort of Green-Hatted Dream Girl, but her gaudy make-believe never really counterpoints the hoodlum realities of Berlin. And Chris, despite resolute note-taking and soliloquizing, seems much less a camera for events than a mere confidant for Sally. William Prince makes him seem any pleasant young man rather than a talented writer.

The play itself turns slackest toward the end: where there might be a more ominous light in the sky, a more urgent orchestration to the story, there are the merest stage doings about Sally's tweedy British mother. Though never dull, *I Am a Camera* suffers from too much of Sally's own live-in-the-moment disorder.

TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1951

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ANNO 1695

Flavor-rich, velvet-smooth, deKuyper Cordials add a regal touch to entertaining. Try delicious deKuyper Apricot Liqueur or any of the other 11 varieties. Ask for deKuyper, a name famous for 256 years...



Send for FREE RECIPE BOOK
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PARADISE COCKTAIL
Shake together $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. de-
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and serve in a cocktail glass.

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THE PRESS

The Common Touch

(See Cover)

It is read in foxholes in Korea, in the cockpits of transatlantic planes, by Swedish farmers, Brazilian housewives, Japanese coal miners, Igorots in G strings.

The *Reader's Digest* is one of the greatest success stories in the history of journalism. It is also a unique proof that circulation alone can turn the trick, with no help from advertising revenue. In its 30 progressively successful years, the *Digest* has run not one line of paid advertising in its domestic edition (9,500,000 copies). This year the *Digest* should gross between \$25

Wallace, the *Digest's* founder, owner and boss, is the most successful editor in history. Wallace and his wife, Lila Bell Wallace, the *Digest's* co-editor, between them seem to have discovered a magic formula. What is it?

The Formula. Wally ("I gave him that name," says Lila Bell, "and allow others to use it") claims that there is no hard & fast recipe. Says he: "I simply hunt for things that interest me, and if they do, I print them." One of his frequent contributors, Author Louis Bromfield, puts it differently. He thinks the magazine's main appeal is to "intellectual mediocrity" and that Wallace's own "strictly average" mind "com-

likes certain kinds of jokes, adds spice to the bland mixture (e.g., December's roundup of unintentional double-entendres on double-feature movie marquees: *We Want a Child and Things Happen at Night; Groom Wore Spurs and Woman on the Run*).

In the *Digest's* world, things are usually getting better, faith moves mountains, prayer can cure cancer and poverty holds hidden blessings ("Innumerable poor wretches," said an early *Digest* article, "have nothing but money"). The *Digest* keeps a hopeful eye peeled for new miracle drugs, and regards old age as nothing more than a state of mind. Even death is not fearsome ("It is not unpleasant to die"). It is a world of plants that act like animals ("Some Remarkable Carnivorous Plants"), animals that think and act like humans ("Seeing Ourselves in Our Dogs"), and humans who often seem more like saints ("God's Eager Fool," Dr. Albert Schweitzer). "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met," one of the *Digest's* most popular features, often tells about people dedicated to helping others. The wonders of nature are inexhaustible ("If there were but one sunrise in every century, all beds would be empty"), sermons are found in stones, and birds are God's own choir. *Digest* readers are left with a warm feeling about themselves, about life, and about the *Digest*.

The Formula Makers. The magazine's own most Unforgettable Characters are DeWitt, 62, and Lila Bell Wallace, 61. A perfect team, each complements the other: Wally is tall (6 ft. 3 in.), Lila Bell is small (5 ft. 3 in.); he is bony, angular and shy; she is dainty, cheerful and forthright. He is a worrier, torn by inner doubts and subject to spells of melancholy; she is self-possessed and an optimist to the bone. He calls her his "pillar of strength," and cannot talk for long without praising "that incredible and wonderful woman." "He always expects the best of everyone," she says. "Even when they do him an ill turn, he doesn't remember it. But I have a memory like an elephant." As one intimate described them: "Wally is the genius, all right, but Lila unwrapped him."

William Roy DeWitt Wallace was born, amid genteel poverty, at tiny Macalester College, near St. Paul, where his father, Dr. James Wallace, was teaching. He became president when DeWitt was six. Dr. Wallace, a Presbyterian preacher and a Greek scholar, raised five children on his \$1,500-a-year salary. He did it in the stern fashion of his own boyhood, when he was nourished (as he later wrote) on "cornmeal mush, buckwheat cakes . . . family worship morning and evening, the shorter catechism and two long services on Sunday, rain or shine." DeWitt, the second youngest, rebelled against this regime. An indifferent student, he preferred baseball and pranks (when a cow was found in a third-floor chapel, DeWitt was suspected).

After his sophomore year at Macalester College, he wanted a change of air, and left to attend the University of California. There he enrolled again as a freshman, because "the freshman year is more fun."



Arnold Newman

WALLACES & STAFFERS*
After Murderers' Row, the dummy.

and \$30 million, and net about \$1,500,000. The *Digest's* world circulation is now 15,500,000.

In France and Belgium, the *Sélection du Reader's Digest* is the biggest (936,070) of all monthlies. In Sweden, *Det Bästa ur Reader's Digest* (circ. 268,184) is the biggest monthly, as *Selezione dal Reader's Digest* is in Italy and *Valitut Palat koonnut Reader's Digest* is in Finland. The Portuguese- and Spanish-language *Digests* are tops all over the continent of South America; the Japanese edition is now 651,000. The *Digest* is printed in eleven languages, read in 58 nations. In the U.S., 31,000 U.S. blind read it in Braille or hear it on Talking Book editions.

And the *Digest* is still growing. This week it added a 59th nation to its list, when Spain agreed to let in 20,000 copies a month of *Selecciones*, the *Digest's* Spanish-language edition. The magazine hopes for approval soon on its application to the Spanish government to print in Spain and step up circulation. Plans are afoot to start editions in The Netherlands and India.

By world circulation standards, DeWitt

pletely reflects the mentality of his readers," who like the *Digest* because "it requires no thought or perception."

The formula has changed somewhat over the years, but it is still essentially the one Wallace hit on in 1920; simplified, condensed articles, most of them striking a note of hope, the whole interspersed with pithy saws or chuckly items. It tries to minimize the negative and accentuate the positive. The *Digest* has always been careful not to burden its readers with somber or brain-taxing articles. But the *Digest* is no longer really a digest. More than half its articles now are written by *Digest* authors; some of these are "planted" in other magazines so that the *Digest* can later "reprint" them. Overall, the *Digest* leans heavily on the chatty, the cheerful and what it considers the spiritual side of life. Since both Wallaces are the children of Presbyterian preachers, this homiletic flavor is not surprising. But Wallace, who

* Ken Payne, Marc Rose, Ralph Henderson, Mrs. Wallace, Paul Palmer, Wallace, Fritz Dashiell.



Roy Stevens

THE DIGEST'S HEADQUARTERS (NEAR CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.)
Pegasus stamps his little feet—and something more tangible.

During the Christmas holidays of 1911 an old friend from Macalester, Barclay Acheson, took DeWitt home with him to Tacoma, Wash. DeWitt was much taken with Barclay's sister Lila, but she was already engaged.

The Great Idea. The next year DeWitt dropped out of college and went back to St. Paul, where his father got him a job writing promotion circulars for a farm-book publisher. DeWitt soon quit and got up a book of his own (a guide to all the free pamphlets on farming, briefly "digesting" the subjects of each). He hitchhiked through the West trying to sell it to banks and department stores. He barely broke even, but it started him thinking about a digest of business articles for businessmen. One night, after working in a Montana hayfield, he was trying to sleep in a bunkhouse when the great idea came to him. Why not "a general digest of the best magazine articles?"

Before he could do much about his great idea World War I began. Wallace enlisted, and fought in France as a sergeant in the 35th Division. In the Verdun offensive in 1918, he was hit by four pieces of shrapnel (one piece worked out of his nose only last year), and spent four months in the hospital. While he was convalescing, he tried his hand at condensing magazine articles and found that it was easy.

Back in St. Paul, he spent six months in the public library, reading magazines, some of them ten years old, condensing and copying articles by hand. In January 1920, he printed up "31 articles of enduring value and interest" in 200 copies of a pocket-sized sample magazine. He called it the *Reader's Digest*. He mailed copies to a dozen Manhattan publishers and others he hoped might back the magazine. Luckily for him, all of them turned it down. Wallace says he undoubtedly would have "given it away" to anybody who would have made him editor.

He had another bit of luck. In St. Paul, he ran across his old friend Barclay Acheson, now a Presbyterian minister, and learned that Lila Bell had not married

after all. During the war she began doing morale and recreation work for women factory workers, and was still doing it. Elated, Wallace sent her a telegram: CONDITIONS AMONG WOMEN WORKERS IN ST. PAUL GHASTLY STOP URGE IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION. A week later, as luck would have it, Lila was temporarily assigned to St. Paul, and Wallace saw her again for the first time in eight years. On the first night, Wallace proposed to her; on the second, she accepted; then he bashfully showed her a copy of the *Digest*. "I knew right away," she recalls, "that it was a gorgeous idea." But they had no money to start the *Digest* or marriage. Lila went back to her welfare work in New York, and Wallace to Pittsburgh to write promotion copy for Westinghouse. Not long after, Wallace was fired.

It was now or never. With \$4,000 bor-

rowed from his father and brothers, Wallace mailed out thousands of subscription appeals for the *Reader's Digest*, "The Little Magazine." Then he rejoined Lila, and in the tree-grown suburb of Pleasantville, N.Y., 31 miles north of Times Square, they were married by Barclay Acheson. They rented a Greenwich Village apartment, took time out for a two-week honeymoon in the Poconos. When they returned they found 1,500 letters, each with \$3 enclosed. Says Lila: "I was enthralled that so many had answered. He was disappointed because everybody hadn't."

Under the Speakeasy. The first issue was no problem. Wallace had a lot of articles ready, in his 1920 sample ("Useful Points in Judging People," "The Firefly's Light," "Is the Stage Too Vulgar?" "Whatever Is New for Women Is Wrong") and in the stockpile he had condensed in St. Paul; the rest he got from magazines in Manhattan's Public Library. When he visited editors to ask permission to reprint articles, Wallace was so shy that he sometimes took Lila along. Editors readily gave him permission to reprint especially as Wallace assured them that the *Digest* would carry no ads, would therefore be no competition that way.

Since Wallace believed that the magazine's principal appeal would be to women, he headed the list of editors with "Lila Bell Acheson," and added, along with his own, the names of two women who had nothing to do with the magazine. For an office, he rented a basement room under a speakeasy at 1 Minetta Lane, in Greenwich Village. When the first issue of 5,000 copies arrived from the Pittsburgh printer, Wallace hired barflies from the speakeasy to help him and Lila wrap and address them. They piled the mail sacks into a taxicab, took them to the post office, then stopped in a café to toast the future.

The future was on them before they knew it. The mail poured in from subscribers, bringing ecstatic testimonials. Wrote "L.M.W." from Pennsylvania: "Its contents seem like nuggets of gold." "The *Reader's Digest*," announced Editor Lila Bell Acheson in the second issue, "is suc-



Roy Stevens

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RUM

cessful beyond all anticipations." The fifth month brought a crisis; the *Digest* couldn't pay the printer, and Wallace was plunged in gloom. At first Lila was crushed by these moods, which would "just descend on him like a black cloud. It was all new to me—it just isn't in my nature to worry. Then I realized he liked to worry, so I started kidding him out of it." Another flood of subscriptions ended the crisis.

In the Pony Shed. After that hot, sticky summer, remembering the shady trees of Pleasantville, they decided to move there. They found a \$25-a-month "studio"—a single room above Manhattan Public Relations Man Pendleton Dudley's garage—and used it as a bedroom, sitting room and office. The Wallaces cooked on a two-burner gas stove in the corner, washed in a stall shower in the garage below.

When Wallace bought a huge old desk and moved it—with a secretary—into their already cramped quarters, Lila rented an empty pony shed next to the garage for \$10 a month, and turned it into the *Digest's* office. When Ralph Henderson, a jungle-born son of missionaries, dropped in from nearby White Plains to see what the little magazine was like, the Wallaces hired him as business manager, soon made him an editor. They later hired Harold Lynch, an assistant Episcopal rector, to handle the money. The *Digest* soon outgrew the pony shed, and spread all over Pleasantville. The mail got so heavy that the town had to have a bigger post office. By 1929 the seven-year-old *Digest* had 216,100 subscribers and was grossing more than \$600,000.

On the Way. Yet Wallace was still haunted by fears of failure. He had taken great pains to keep the *Digest's* growth a secret,* and had kept the magazine off newsstands, for fear of attracting imitators. He was also afraid that other magazines would stop letting him reprint articles, and that someone else would beat him at his own game. Some of these fears were justified. When Wallace started to make so much money that he began to pay for the articles he reprinted, the other editors woke up to the *Digest's* size. They started to talk about refusing reprint privileges. Wallace soothed the grumbling magazines by agreeing to pay flat annual fees for reprint rights, in addition to paying for each article used. Imitators of the *Digest* sprang up by the score—many to wither after one season.

The fear of being boycotted by his source-magazines continued to haunt Wallace. If such a boycott were made, it would put him out of business overnight. In 1933, he decided on a drastic change in the *Digest*: it would start publishing its own original articles. There was another reason besides insurance against boycott. Says Editor Wallace: "We simply couldn't find enough articles of lasting interest and wide enough variety to fill the magazine."

Wallace thought up ideas for the arti-

* The *Digest* did not have to publish circulation figures, since it carried no ads.

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Paint adds bright new color and protection to dozens of items we use daily. Thousands of gallons of Spencer Methanol are used as an intermediate in paint and varnish manufacturing.



Plastics are replacing other materials daily to make better products at lower cost, like this telephone. Many such plastics depend on formaldehyde—a basic chemical by Spencer.



Paper makers are vitally interested in ammonium bisulphite wood pulping. This new process, in full use, will require many tons of Spencer Anhydrous Ammonia.

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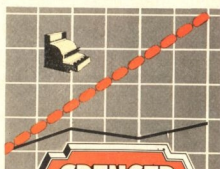
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"LETAT C'EST MOI"

John Dewey

on democratic action

There has never been an autocrat, big or little, who did not justify his conduct on the ground of the unfitness of his subjects to take part in government.

What the argument for democracy implies is that the best way to produce initiative and constructive power is to exercise it. Power, as well as interest, comes by use and practice.

(Democracy and Educational Administration, 1937)



EXPLANATION OF PROPOSED AMENDMENT

A comparison of Section 2 of Article XIV (which reads: "The General Assembly may propose amendments to the Constitution") as now in force and as sought to be amended.

Provision of Present Constitution

1. Amendments, to not more than three articles may be submitted at any session.

2. Requires the votes of a majority of all electors voting at the election.

3. The form of the ballot for submitting the Constitutional amendment is determined by a majority of the General Assembly.

For this proposed amendment, adopted it now by a majority of all electors voting at the election.

Changes in the Proposed Amendment

1. Amendments to not more than three articles may be submitted at any session.

2. Requires the votes of a majority of all electors voting at the election.

3. The form of the ballot for submitting the Constitutional amendment is determined by a majority of the General Assembly.

For this proposed amendment, adopted it now by a majority of all electors voting at the election.

YES
NO

EOBERT JACOBSON



CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

cles he wanted, and hired free-lance writers to turn them out. Soon he made some of them Roving Editors and paid them annual retainers just to get first crack at their work. To keep up the illusion that the *Digest* was a digest, Wallace started giving articles to other magazines, then "condensing" and reprinting them. Big, successful magazines had no need for *Digest* articles, but struggling, small magazines were glad to get stories by authors they could not afford.

The fact that the *Digest* had become a competitor in the writers' market went almost unnoticed by other magazines—until 1935. Then Wallace had J. C. Furnas write an article, "*And Sudden Death*," about traffic accidents. It became a sensation: hundreds of newspapers reprinted it, radio stations dramatized it, judges read it to traffic offenders or made them copy it. Fellow editors who had regarded Wallace as only a scissors and paste man began to change their minds. They began to realize that he had an extraordinarily common touch—a feeling for what the reading public wanted and how they wanted it.

The tangible evidence to this fact piled up rapidly. In the four years after Wallace had started to print original articles, *Digest* circulation shot from 449,666 to 2,469,527, a fantastic climb in a depression. By 1939, the *Digest* had outgrown all the vacant offices in Pleasantville. Wallace built a \$1,500,000 red brick Georgian headquarters near Chappaqua, a few miles north of Pleasantville. But he kept the old mail address; Pleasantville sounded more like the *Digest's* right address.

Snug Harbor. As the magazine grew, it no longer hired everybody who stuck his head in the door. Wallace even took on some professionals. Some of them are ex-editors of magazines which Wallace had once "digested," and which later died. Kenneth W. Payne came from the *North American Review*, at 61 is now executive editor of the *Digest*. The managing editor, Alfred S. ("Fritz") Dashiell, came from *Scribner's*. After the *Review of Reviews* and the *Literary Digest* folded, Howard ("Skipper") Florence, who had edited both, came over; as senior editor, he now runs the "planting" of *Digest*-originated articles in other magazines. Other ex-editors who joined Wallace: *Business Week's* Marc Rose, *American Mercury's* Paul Palmer, *American's* Merle Crowell, *Liberty's* Fulton Oursler.

But the *Digest's* business affairs mended along until 1939. Then Albert L. Cole, publisher of *Popular Science*, came on as full-time general business manager. He had been advising Wallace for seven years, and had put over the *Digest* on the newsstands. Now, he blueprinted the plan for worldwide expansion. In World War II, as a cheerful miniature of the home front, the *Digest* was so eagerly bought by soldiers that circulation jumped from under 4,000,000 to more than 9,000,000. With the blessings and assistance of the Federal Government on priorities, paper, etc., Cole expanded the overseas editions,



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IT'S *Satin Soft*

MAC NAUGHTON'S CANADIAN





CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.


**LOOKING
for SOMETHING
?**

HOSIERY

**To find the products
you need—use the
YELLOW PAGES
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY**




HIGH WINDS

In the tower, a mountain of manuscripts.

which began with the British (1938) and the Spanish-language (1940). The foreign *Digests* broke the long-standing rule against running ads; they took them to bring the price of the magazine down to within reach of its foreign readers.

Barclay Acheson, who had joined the *Digest* in 1935 after making a name in foreign-relief work, runs the international editions. The foreign editors can publish only articles already run in the domestic *Digest*, although they can dig back as far as they like (the Japanese edition recently ran Dale Carnegie's 14-year-old *How to Win Friends and Influence People*). If the overseas editors think a piece isn't suitable for their country they can leave it out (e.g., in Italy, an article on birth control; in Sweden, where it is old-hat, an article on social security). But occasionally Chappaqua will order an article run anyway. When the Italian editor rejected a piece on fence-painting because Italians don't paint their own fences, Chappaqua reversed him, saying, "Well, they could start."

A big problem is translating U.S. idiom. Maurice Chevalier, hired by the Paris editor to translate Billy Rose's Broadwayesque, turned "It was a cinch bet" into "C'était du nougat" (It was candy). Another less gifted translator turned "guts" into "gizzard." "How," asked one bewildered translator, "can you expect a Frenchman to understand that 'lower the boom' means unleash heavy fire—or does it?"

Organized Chaos. The *Digest* still operates in what one senior editor calls "organized chaos." Says another staffer: "It's the most disorganized magazine in the world. Wally started this little magazine with his wife, hoping to make \$5,000 a year, with both of them working like hell. Then—bang, look at it now! It grew up disorganized, and they said, 'Let's not change it, it might break the spell. If the

black canary is hanging upside down, let him stay.'"

Nobody can draw an exact chart of command, because there isn't any. Wallace is the top boss, but there are many other bosses. One Rover may report—i.e., take his article ideas—to Ken Payne, another to Dashiell, while others (e.g., William Hard, Stanley High) report directly to Wallace. Senior Editor George Grant and his staff handle the reading of some 300 magazines, pick likely stories, and do the preliminary cutting. But any one of the top editors may "spot" and "cut" an article on his own.

All the articles are sent along through their line of offices, called Murderers' Row, where any one of them may take another whack at the stories, and Wallace, "the best cutter of us all," may whack them still more. Senior Editors Marc Rose and Bill Hard Jr. take turns at dummy'ing up a tentative issue. But a day or two before the deadline, Wallace may toss out a third of it and put in something else. He makes the final decisions, when he is at Chappaqua. But he is often away: he and Lila may pick up suddenly and go off on a three months' trip to Honolulu or Pago Pago, and no one will hear from him until he walks back into the office.

Upset Apple Cart. Wallace, as his wife says, "likes to upset the apple cart." He periodically rejiggers the masthead, rearranging the Rovers' names according to their performance. He does not like too many hard & fast rules, and he does like to keep everybody guessing.

Despite the missionary flavor of his magazine, Wallace does not go to church. Despite his famous anti-cigarette crusades ("One cigarette," quoted the first *Digest*, "will kill a cat"), he smokes steadily. He also likes to drink, and regularly used to sit up all night playing poker. He learned to fly his own plane, and, until the Army commandeered it during World War II,

liked to scare Lila by buzzing their house. He drives his car so recklessly that few who know him will ride with him. He still likes to play pranks. Once, on his way to a Halloween party, he sent word that he had been hurt in an auto accident. Then he tottered in, in Mercurochrome-splashed bandages. On another occasion, calling on a *Digest* editor to meet his new bride, Wallace broke the ice by starting a game of leapfrog with her on the lawn.

He is not an expansive man; he does more listening than talking, and when he does talk, it's short and to the point. He is the boss but not the tyrant of the *Digest*. Says one of his senior editors: "Several of us don't hesitate to argue with him." Managing Editor Dashiell helped organize a chapter of the Americans for Democratic Action, which the *Digest* has attacked as the advance-guard of Communism. An unpretentious man, Wallace not only answers his own office phone (Chappaqua 1-0400), but may chat with a subscriber complaining that he missed an issue.

Wallace does much of his work at night at High Winds, the five-bedroom, castle-like stone house he and Lila built on a bluff above a small lake five miles from the *Digest*. They have little social life outside occasional cocktail parties for the staff. In the evening, after dinner, they like to dance for 15 minutes in their rumpus room.

Then, while Lila reads, Wallace walks up a winding staircase to his medieval-tower workroom. Beneath its hewn beams, soothed by soft music piped in from a control-panel below, he works, usually till midnight, at the sprawling mountain of manuscripts piled on his desk. Memos have been known to molder in the pile for

GERIATRICS: HELPING OLDER PEOPLE ENJOY LIFE LONGER



Drawings by Jean E. Hirsch

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Gout looks painful and is painful. It strikes without warning in the area of any bodily joint, although it is most commonly found in the hand or foot.

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Gout is commoner in men than in women; in older people than in younger. It results from an excess of uric acid in the system, some of which forms needle-like crystals (inset above, greatly enlarged) that inflame the joint and surrounding tissue.

Medical science today knows how to diagnose gout much more effectively. Through regulation of diet and use of colchicine and other drugs

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Miriam Scanlon

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years, before Wallace got around to scrawling in the margin: "Sure. Go ahead. Wally." But the stuff he regards as important does not linger there long. Next morning, Wallace loads his completed work into his briefcase and careens off to the office in his battered old 1941 Chevrolet.

Winged Horse. Lila Wallace no longer does much editing, although if Wallace is unsure of a manuscript he may ask her to read it. But the traces of her hand are all over the *Digest* offices. She planned their decoration and amenities herself: soft pink and green pastel walls, patterned linen draperies, 18th-Century Georgian tables and leather-topped desks, fresh-cut flowers changed twice a week, music piped in for 15 minutes of every hour, a cafeteria with low-priced good food. (There used to be a free mid-morning snack of milk and vitamin-enriched peanut-butter sandwiches, but the staff began to look like sofas.) On the walls of individual offices, and in the corridors, hang paintings by such modern masters as Renoir, Braque and Chagall. "My God!" cried an astounded visitor. "Is this a place of business or a girls' seminary?"

Lila also suggested the four green, winged horses which adorn the *Digest* building's 32-ft. white cupola and have since become the *Digest* emblem. "It was a happy thought," says Lila, "because according to the myth, when Pegasus stamps his little feet, writers get their inspiration."

But writers and editors of the *Digest* get their inspiration from something more tangible than Pegasus. Rovers may get \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year as a salary, plus a minimum of \$1,200 for each article published, plus bonuses. Wallace encourages them to travel wherever they fancy, at the *Digest's* expense. When Roving Editor Lois Mattox Miller asked Wallace if she might take a trip to Georgia, he said: "What are you asking me for? You can go anywhere in the world." Now Mrs. Miller seems to feel she is cheating the *Digest* if she doesn't go to Europe at least once a year. A stock *Digest* joke has four Rovers meeting in the middle of the Sahara, and finding that they are all on the same story. Along with bonuses, Wally sends his editors and Rovers warm notes of praise. An "especially fine job of cutting" may bring his note that an editor "deserves the Distinguished Service Medal." Especially pleased with Rover Miller, author of an article on needless tonsillectomies, he wrote her: "If you ever have your tonsils taken out, can I have them in a bottle to keep on my dresser? I could even love them after your latest wonderful article."

Clutched Hands. Wallace pays outsiders well also. For every article digested, he pays the writer a minimum of \$300 per *Digest* page; the magazine may get \$800 a page. The *Digest's* senior editors reportedly get anywhere from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year, and sometimes half as much again in bonuses. Salaries and bonuses vary widely. Wallace keeps his staff guessing on their pay. One year Executive

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Roy Stevens

ROVING EDITOR MILLER The boss wanted her tonsils.

Editor Payne drew a salary of \$34,400 and a bonus of \$87,600; in a later year, he got a salary of \$84,500 but no bonus. In one year Al Cole got a salary of \$99,500, two years later got \$84,500. Wallace has paid himself a salary of \$99,500 in some years, in other years didn't get enough to be listed on the Treasury's \$75,000-plus list (Lila never has drawn enough to get listed). All the *Digest's* 1,060 regular employees are covered by a liberal pension plan, and by life-insurance policies.

Few are fired from the *Digest*. One man in the London office was reluctantly let go only after he had failed to show up for eight weeks. The Wallaces, being childless, have no desire to accumulate great wealth. "The dead," Wallace is fond of saying, "carry with them to the grave in their clutched hands only that which they have given away." His father lived to be 90, and at 62, Wallace is going strong. But in preparation for the day their turn comes, he and Lila are gradually turning over their stock to a charitable foundation which may run the *Digest*.

Plus or Minus? What is the journalistic reckoning on Wallace?

Numerous sins, of commission and omission, have been charged against him. Doctors have criticized him for leaping too hastily into print with Paul de Kruif's overenthusiastic articles about short-lived "wonder" cures.* The *Digest* has offset that criticism lately by getting its medical articles printed in medical journals first. On broader questions, like politics, Wallace thinks of himself as "left of center"; he says most people are middle-of-the-roads. But most middle-roadsers would consider him well right of center. Not a deep or profound thinker, Wallace sometimes originates and runs glib, superficial articles on U.S. and world problems

which other top editors would wastebasket. He thinks the Democrats' "Big Government" is dangerous, but admits he would probably be critical of the Government no matter which party was in power. In the main, his political outlook seems to be colored by a nostalgic yearning for the less complicated days of his boyhood, when every man could become his own master without help or hindrance from the Government.

Wallace tries to make the *Digest* simple enough for almost anybody to understand. But in making reading painless, he sometimes oversimplifies complex questions to the point of absurdity. The average man shouldn't think the subject of inflation is complicated, said the *Digest* recently. "The core of the matter is within the grasp of anyone who can balance a check-book or play bridge." The dangers in this kind of primer-reading, as Harvard's Howard Mumford Jones points out, is that "children get to thinking that everything should have the same order of clarity. When they come up against something that is difficult they don't know what to do."

No one can measure the influence the *Digest* has had on its readers, but it has certainly been considerable. It has also had a marked influence on other U.S. magazines—and, through them, on U.S. education. Thanks largely to the *Digest's* successful example, nonfiction articles now play a dominant role in U.S. magazines. Thus Wallace has lured many people to read about serious topics, and in this sense, has helped raise the reading level of America.

He may even succeed in getting more Americans to read books—in abridged form. Recently he started publishing quarterly books, each consisting of four or five outstanding books, predominantly fiction, condensed into a single volume. The last one sold 460,000 copies, much greater than the usual sale of a Book-of-the-Month-Club book.

In the long run, Wallace's greatest contribution to the nation may be found in the cumulative effect of his overseas editions. Invariably, his readership surveys show that articles which U.S. readers like rate equally high with readers everywhere. The *Digest's* articles—depicting the innate decency, kindness and simple virtues of ordinary Americans, the triumphs of a George Carver or a Helen Keller—have probably done more than all the Government propagandists combined to allay the fears, prejudices and misconceptions of the U.S. in other lands. As one French *Digest* fan said last week: "We have discovered that Americans are just like other people."

Insofar as they are "just like other people," the *Digest* is doing a worldwide educational job of telling the truth about Americans. Is it the whole truth? The *Digest* tells the world that Americans are optimists who believe that happiness, as well as success, can not only be pursued but captured. If the whole truth is deeper and more difficult, the *Digest* has no concern with that.



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* Some *Digest* believers got sore feet after trying a De Kruif cure for athlete's foot.

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RELIGION

What Is a Christian? (II)

After six weeks of pondering, Iowa Judge Shannon B. Charlton finally made up his mind on a question before the court: Was Methodist William B. Small of Waterloo unmistakably clear in his instructions when he left the income from \$75,000 of his estate for the benefit of "persons who believe in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion"? (Time, Oct. 22.) Judge Charlton's answer: no.

Among Christians, he said, "there is widespread lack of accord in their characterizations of the man Jesus and in their

gelical Lutheran Church was up and the congregation well established; everything seemed to be going well for Pastor Anderson and his Minnesota-born wife, Hazel.

Then came catastrophe. Three-year-old Karen, third of the Anderson's four children, was taken to the hospital with polio. A few days later, Pastor Anderson came down with it. Hazel Anderson's mother died of a heart attack brought on by the news. Then Tibert Anderson himself died, at 46.

When Pastor Anderson went to the hospital, Garden City South roused itself in neighborliness. The neighbor who did most to get the others started was Mrs.



MRS. ANDERSON & CHILDREN*

An expression of the love of God.

interpretations and applications of his teachings." Furthermore, in "an organized society of human beings founded upon the principle of separation of church and state," the courts cannot furnish a clarifying definition of Christian fundamentals themselves. Judge Charlton ordered the trustees of William Small's estate to hand over the assets to eight nieces and nephews.

The Good Neighbors

Almost everybody in Long Island's Garden City South knew Tibert V. Anderson and liked him. He was 17 when he arrived in the U.S. from his native Sweden, but his way of doing things seemed to suit his adopted country from the start. He worked in greenhouses to earn money for college, later finished courses in a Lutheran seminary, and was ordained. In 1947, after his board sent him to start a new church in Garden City South, he acted as contractor and did a lot of the work with his own hands. Last year the red brick building of St. Andrew's Evan-

Thomas Skelly, a Roman Catholic. She organized a committee to canvass the neighborhood. A "Pastor Anderson Fund" was established at St. Andrew's. West Hempstead and Garden City Catholics and Jews pitched in along with Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and others. Though Mrs. Anderson soon got a teaching job nearby, St. Andrew's handed her five months of her husband's salary, and let her have the parsonage rent-free for a year. Meanwhile, the neighbors got together to build her a house of her own.

Ground was broken in April. A Garden City lumber company donated \$1,400 worth of material, a contractor in the parish furnished labor, as did other men from the church and community.

Last week, at a little service of dedication, Mrs. Anderson was handed the debt-free deed to a \$19,000, grey-shingled,

* Clockwise: Kenneth, 2; Ronald, 10; Joy, 7; Karen, 4.

four-bedroom house and its lot. In the course of the afternoon, between 150 and 200 people dropped in to wish her well. Said she: "I regard it as a tribute to my husband, as a beautiful monument to his memory." Said St. Andrew's new pastor, Reuben Swanson: "It is an expression of the love of God in the hearts of men."

Protesting Protestants

Across the U.S., an organized Protestant drive to block the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican was getting into high gear. Items last week:

¶ In Atlanta, the general board of the National Council of Churches (29 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox religious groups) named a six-man committee to help channel grass-roots opposition, make sure it reaches the ears of Congress.*

¶ On the West Coast, Author Paul (*American Freedom and Catholic Power*) Blanchard was in the midst of a nationwide tour with a party of speakers representing a militant organization with the nonstop name, Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State. Aim: to reach 100 major audiences in ten weeks, wind up in a P.O.A.U. rally in Washington, Jan. 24.

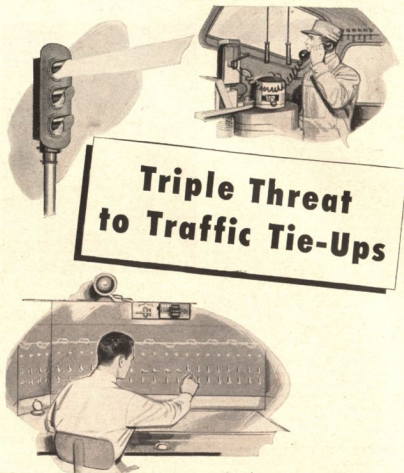
¶ In Chicago, an audience of more than 3,000 heard Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam attack the appointment of an ambassador as "unwise, unnecessary and un-American," then voted by acclamation to "oppose the confirmation of this nomination . . . in every legitimate way open to us in our democratic system." There was one loud "Nay!" The "Nay" man said he was a good Roman Catholic.

Philadelphia's O'Hara

Since the death of Dennis Cardinal Dougherty last May, the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Philadelphia has been without an archbishop. Last week Pope Pius appointed an outstanding one: John Francis O'Hara, 63, bishop of Buffalo, onetime (1934-39) president of the University of Notre Dame, and during World War II one of his church's directors of Roman Catholic Army & Navy chaplains. Vatican speculation immediately listed Archbishop O'Hara† as among those U.S. prelates most likely to be raised to the college of cardinals at the next consistory (probably next spring). Other U.S. archbishops often so listed: Boston's Richard James Cushing, San Francisco's John Joseph Mitty and St. Louis' Joseph E. Ritter.

* Members: the Rev. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America; Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; the Rev. Eugene C. Blake, stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church (North); the Rev. Reuben E. Nelson, general secretary of the American Baptist Convention; the Rev. Douglas Horton, minister at large of the Congregational Christian Churches; the Rev. Ben. R. Lacey, president of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia (Southern Presbyterian).

† In a notable week for the O'Haras, the Pope also named Archbishop Gerald P. O'Hara, 56 (no kin), bishop of Savannah-Atlanta, to be papal nuncio to Ireland. Archbishop O'Hara has been a nuncio before, in Rumania, from which he was expelled by the Communists in 1950.



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Royal House of Cards

Louis XIV's labyrinthine palace at Versailles took 56,000 men, 9,000 horses and 20 years to build, and cost \$100 million. But in recent years it has become increasingly apparent that King Louis' builders valued surface splendor above sturdiness. In 1925, John D. Rockefeller Jr. went to Versailles' rescue with \$1,360,000, most of which was used to repair the 27 acres of roofs. Last week André Cornu, under secretary of fine arts, warned that unless the government can raise another \$15 million for repairs* the palace may go to pieces without much further warning.

The chief reason for Versailles' sad state: inadequate gutters to lead off rainwater, and jerry-built interiors. Seepage has rotted away the wooden beams supporting the parqueted floors, loosened the gold and plaster ceilings which are nailed precariously to deteriorating laths. "It is like a house of cards," says Government Architect André Japy. "If one part begins collapsing, everything else will follow. It is no longer a question of repairing one part of the building; everything must be restored."

Last week Versailles' future looked parlous indeed. The French government, weighed down with a record budget, has taken no steps to appropriate funds. So far, no U.S. millionaire has volunteered to go to the rescue. The most generous contribution toward the palace's rehabilitation to date: \$600,000 from the state-controlled gambling casino at nearby Enghien.

Modern with a Message

Just one tonight modern painter has devoted his art to the service of religion. Georges Rouault, 80, is both a fervent Roman Catholic and a brilliant expressionist. "My only ambition," he once said, "is to be able some day to paint a Christ so

* The White House, a century younger and considerably smaller than Versailles, is being repaired at a cost of \$5,800,000.

ART



ROUAULT "CHRIST"
In short phrases, power and glory.

moving that those who see Him will be converted."

Among Rouault's most moving work is a series of 58 engravings called *Miserere et Guerre*, which intersperses whores, fools, bullies, soldiers and clowns with pictures of Christ's Passion. Published in book form by London's Trianon Press, the series was on sale last week in the U.S. (*Miserere*; \$5.75). "I rejoice," said Rouault in a preface, "that [publication] has come to pass before my departure from this planet."

He might well rejoice; Rouault conceived the engravings as long ago as World War I, and prepared them for publication by Ambroise Vollard in 1927. Vollard put off publication, but held on to the plates until he died in 1939. Rouault got them back by court order in 1947, and at last had them published.

The prints started as paintings, which were photoengraved on copper plates.

Rouault reworked each plate with engraving tools, giving them a depth and richness of black-to-white values that rival even the color values of his paintings.

As a boy, Rouault was apprenticed to a stained-glass maker, and his prints, like his paintings, look rather like sketches for stained glass. Joyless though most of them are, they have a little of the power and glory of the first and greatest Gothic cathedral windows.

In recent years the old modern has turned to writing poems that carry the same simple message as his art. His preface to *Miserere* concludes with this stanza:

*Jesus on the cross will tell you better
than I.
And St. Joan on trial, in short and
glorious phrases,
As well as saints and martyrs
Worshiped or unknown.*

The Ornerly & the Holy

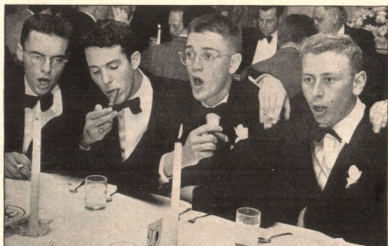
Can photography rub shoulders with painting and sculpture as a fine art? Master U.S. Photographer Edward Steichen has never doubted it.* His main job nowadays is planning exhibits of camera craft for Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, and every year since 1947 he has mounted shows to prove his point. Steichen's latest demonstration: his selection of 187 of the best pictures that have appeared in *LIFE* in the past 15 years.

Steichen makes one of his main points quickly: a picture sequence can often add up to much more than the sum of its component pictures. In support, he offers a nine-shot panel of a country doctor making his rounds, seven stages in the teaching of a deaf child, four stages in a marine's homecoming (the Steichen caption: "Boy

* Neither did Bernard Shaw. In *An Unsocial Socialist* (1883), Shaw let one of his characters speak for him on the subject: "Ninety-things of painting as we understand it at present [will be] extinguished by the competition of these photographs, and the remaining tenth [will hold] its own against them by dint of extraordinary excellence."



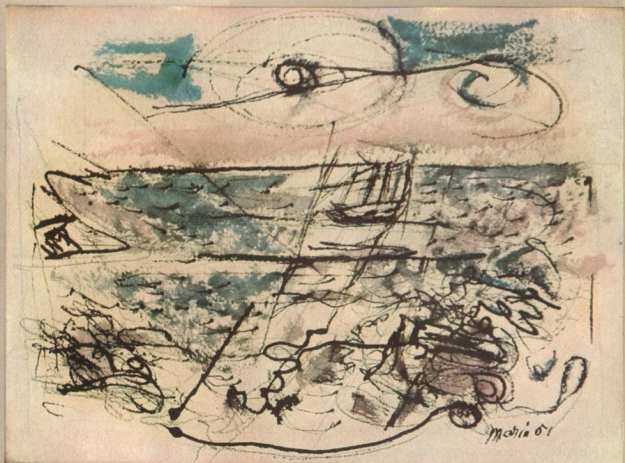
Hansel Mieth—*LIFE*
MISANTHROPIC MONKEY



SIGMA CHI DINNER

Leonard McCombe—*LIFE*

In a flash, kings and fraternity men.



"BOAT FANTASY—A SEEING FROM CAPE SPLIT, MAINE" (1951)

Downtown Gallery

PICTURE WRITINGS

Wry, shy John Marin, 81, is the dean of U.S. artists. He paints nature, especially his beloved Maine coast, as knowingly as Winslow Homer, and with much greater freedom. Marin's puzzling style has elements of impressionism, cubism and Chinese brush-drawing; basically it is rugged, individualistic. Last week the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute of Utica, N.Y. honored Marin with a big retrospective show. Asked to comment on the two watercolors reproduced here, Marin wrote in his dashing style:

"Seems to me that these two pictures selected—have in them both—a writing—Look at them—are they not just that—writings—follow the lines of writing—I don't erase them—do they not give the direction of the flows in the picture—do they not direct the waves of motion—Dream Seeings if you will—but I would have it—the way I see—placed on paper or canvas—a built-in world in it—self—parts to balance on—parts to fit—freedom of gesture—freedom to move in any direction—yet all held together—The upper picture my personal sea-boat-sky & jutting ledge—The lower—My sun god embracing my land and sea."



"SUN, ISLES, AND SEA" (1921)

Downtown Gallery



Season's

Best

there's
no
better
Bourbon



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and girl—and a visual love song"). But many pictures suggest their subject in a single, self-contained flash: a Nebraska wheatfield canopied with monumental clouds; dead G.I.s on Buna Beach; Evita Perón getting her last primp before a party, while her famous husband stands by in gold braid, cooling his heels. "Humor," says Steichen, "is one of the rarest elements to be found in photography," but he finds some here—in a misanthropic rhesus monkey, squatting armpit-deep in water; in the earnestness of a Sigma Chi inaugural dinner; in a blasé dog star of television.

In portraits, the photographers can catch as much as the easel men do nowadays, and Steichen groups four of them together in a single panel to show the camera's range: Sweden's Gustav V ("the simple dignity of a democratic king"), Jersey City's Hague ("the arrogant power of a mayor"), Britain's Attlee ("the bewilderment of a politician"), and U.S. Technologist Vannevar Bush ("the serenity of a distinguished scientist").

The Museum of Modern Art has bound all of Steichen's choices in a LIFE-size catalogue, on sale at the museum for \$1, and has let Steichen sum it up thus: "An historical procession where wisdom and nonsense, the orneriness and the holy, the poisons of hate and the selflessness of heroism are all written into the visual record of the world we live in."

Too Many Eagles?

The art of the coinmaker is one of mankind's oldest. To the coiner and his fellow craftsman, the medalist, has gone the job of commemorating history's great events and famous men. The result, when an artist like Benvenuto Cellini went to work, was often a miniature masterpiece. In Madrid last week the Spanish government staged a sweeping show of 2,000 years of coin- and medal-making and, with exhibits from 42 countries, took stock of the modern medalist's art.

The outstanding conclusion: in an age when most other arts have been going through revolutionary experiment, the medalists have been standing remarkably pat. Athletes, warriors, profiles of the great and near-great, eagles, lions and horses are still the favorite subjects. There is scant difference in style between a 16th Century coin likeness of Philip II of Spain and modern U.S. medallions of Henry Ford and Harry Truman. Among the most venturesome artists in the Madrid show were the Italians, and the venturesomeness was rewarded. Filippo Sgarlata's mildly impressionistic discs of hunters and shepherds won Madrid's first prize for artistic excellence. Pietro Giampaoli's profiles in stroboscopic sequence took second.

Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the U.S. Mint, shepherded a collection of U.S. coins and medals which included medallion heads of U.S. Presidents in platinum. Said she, after a good look around: "It's time we got away from the standard designs, and so many eagles on our coins and medals. When I get home I will try to give our young medalists some new ideas."



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SCIENCE

Those Were the Days

Just after the turn of the century, a Swiss patent-office clerk published an abstruse theory of relativity. The world of science and invention was, for the moment, unmoved. Those were the days when Henry Ford was still a struggling manufacturer gambling on the future of a mechanical curiosity. The Wright brothers were coaxing their first plane into brief and tentative flights over the sand dunes at Kitty Hawk. A Frenchman was prepared to turn out an automatic hat-tipper for use with the narrow-brimmed derbies of the period. And a Detroit doctor, after diligent study, had come to the horrified conclusion that before long the earth would be populated with lunatics.

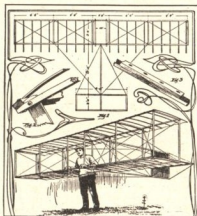
Most of these fads and fancies were duly reported by *Popular Mechanics*, a lusty new magazine, whose editors ignored Einstein and took a dim view of the horseless carriage ("Not that the time will ever come when . . . horses [will] entirely disappear from boulevard and town . . ."). They had more faith in lighter-than-air craft than they had in airplanes. They recorded the invention of perpetual motion machines and the impact of the telephone on the Turkish harem.

Seven Wonders. In *Fifty Years of Popular Mechanics* (Simon & Schuster, \$5), the present editors of the magazine (circ. 1,169,645) cock an uncritical eye at a half-century of publication, which reflects their nostalgic concern for the changing gadgetry of the years. The editors may have been slow to spot the Wright brothers, but by 1909 one of the first of a long line of build-it-yourself articles had *Popular Mechanics* readers constructing their own "gliding machine." Three years later, after polling 1,000 scientists, the magazine listed the Seven Wonders of the Modern World: "wireless, telephone, aeroplane, radium, antiseptics and antitoxins, spectrum analysis, X ray." In 1915, scientific concern over the vulnerability of the *Lusitania* was balanced by illustrations of such bright little items as a treadmill for figure-conscious opera stars.

After the end of World War I, the airplane and the automobile had earned undisputed prominence in the pages of the magazine. Hobbyists were being taught how to build their own radios. The progress of motion pictures, the first hints of television were both discussed. As early as 1941, amateur scientists, who knew about Einstein by now, could marvel at prophecies of fantastic power hidden in the atomic heart of uranium 235.

Atomic Progress. Then the magazine was filled with pictures of warships again. Soon the editors were speculating about German jet fighters. Later they were explaining the operation of the "fantastic stratosphere rocket," the German V-2. For four years there was no more mention of atomic energy.

Looking back on their 50 years of publishing, the editors have found a curious



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PROPELLER-DRIVEN PARACHUTE
Also telephones for a Turkish harem.

kind of repetition that sometimes passes for progress. The propeller-equipped parachute of 1918 seems a not-too-distant cousin of the experimental "Hoppicopter" of today. In 1907 they were teaching the home carpenter how to build an underground clubhouse. Today the structure is more elaborate and has been renamed. The last item in the book is a basement A-bomb shelter for private homes.

Red Light for Oxygen

As modern aircraft climb toward the stratosphere, oxygen masks and pressurized cabins become a necessity. The trouble is that now & then something goes wrong with the man-made atmosphere. And one of the first symptoms of hypoxia (insufficient oxygen)* is a giddy self-assurance, a fine feeling that all's right with the world. Many unexplained crack-ups may have been caused by pilots in euphoria, blissfully unaware that their skill and judgment were failing with their failing oxygen.

This week, at the Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine, scientists were busy perfecting an accurate little gadget that will warn the high-altitude flyer when the oxygen in his bloodstream is dropping toward the danger point. Clamped on the translucent cartilage of a pilot's ear, a tiny light bulb emitting red and infra-red rays will shine through the ear lobe to illuminate a small photoelectric cell. As the oxygen saturation of the pilot's blood drops below its normal 98%, it will turn a darker, heavier red. Less light will filter through his ear lobe and less current will be given off by the photoelectric cell. A red warning light, connected to the ear unit, will flash in time for the pilot to repair his oxygen supply or get his plane down to a safe altitude.

Passport to Space

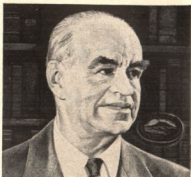
One of the learned members of the British Interplanetary Society,† dedicated to the promotion of "interplanetary exploration and communication," decided that tomorrow's astronauts would need something besides a three-stage rocket ship before they swished into space. With deadpan ceremony last week he issued to a few friends and colleagues a "British Stellar Passport," a blue-covered, gold-embossed booklet that looks for all the world like a standard British passport.

Included in the passport are bits of information that any traveler likes to know. There is a trip schedule based on the latest calculations of voyage times to the various planets. One column lists the velocity the ship will need to escape from the gravitational pull of the planet on which it lands: 2.2 miles per second for Mercury, 6.3 for Venus, 3.1 for Mars, and 1.4 for Moon. Other handy facts: Jupi-

* Not to be confused with anoxia, total absence of oxygen.

† Among them: Philosopher William Olaf Stapledon, Astronomer Michael W. Ovenden, Nuclear Physicist L. R. Shepherd, Mathematician D. F. Lawden.

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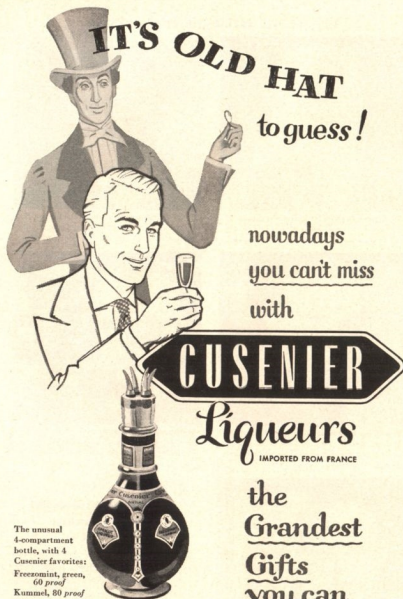
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to guess!

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54 proof



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70 proof



Freezomint—green or white,
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ter's atmosphere is a combination of methane and ammonia; Mercury's day is 88 times as long as the earth's, while Mars's lasts only 25 terrestrial hours. With each passport went a ticket on the "Flying Saucer Service," and a clownish warning not to play cards with strangers while crossing the Milky Way.

But the aspiring astronaut almost overplayed the gag. After a London tabloid splashed a picture of the "passport" across half a page, hundreds of people asked for passports and announced their readiness to trade this world for another. Plainly the society announced that it was all a fake—they were not prepared to sell any round-trip tickets from Liverpool Airport to Mars. They had never even bought any shares in "British Milky Way Space Ships, Inc." Then the scientists went back to what they know how to handle: their telescopes, their rocket motors, and the antiseptic world of interstellar mathematics.

Reflected Waves

Like light waves, radio frequency energy tends to travel in a straight line. In the lower frequencies, radio waves that shoot skyward bounce back from electrically charged layers of the upper atmosphere, thus clearing the curve of the earth. Most Very High Frequency waves (30 to 300 megacycles) bore right through the upper atmosphere and are dissipated into outer space, so V.H.F. should not travel far beyond the visual horizon.

But as TV antennas sprouted from the nation's rooftops, and radio hams got on the air again after World War II, some curious reports drifted in to puzzle the radio men. No one had thought that V.H.F. was good for much besides short-range contacts, but now & then people were picking up TV programs they had no right to see; pictures from distant cities were flickering across their screens. Hams operating on V.H.F. frequencies were talking across astonishing distances.

At the National Bureau of Standards, Physicist Joseph Feinstein studied the strange reports. Even allowing for some bending of radio waves in the dense lower atmosphere, conventional theory could not explain what was happening. Feinstein knew that just as there is some light reflected back when light waves pass from air through glass, a small amount of V.H.F. energy is reflected when V.H.F. waves cut upward through the thinning atmosphere. Perhaps, he reasoned, if minute amounts of this energy are reflected in such a way that they reinforce each other, weak but detectable signals will be heard at unexpected distances.

As the reports piled up, more & more scientists agreed. Hams, who have seen this sort of thing happen before, realized that the "useless" radio bands might soon be so valuable that their slice would be drastically trimmed. By last week Bureau of Standards scientists, who are now sure that V.H.F. reflections are no freakish accidents, were more convinced than ever that V.H.F. will provide a vast new frontier for commercial broadcasts.



"I owe so much . . .

**TO THESE TIMES
IN WHICH
WE LIVE"**

"I owe so much to men I've never met . . . who are changing my whole world for the better."

Thus, in a Monsanto advertisement of 1938, did this lady speak of the unknown chemists who were influencing profoundly the welfare and happiness of her family.

Fourteen years later, the record shows this confidence was not misplaced. Since then have come the antibiotics, vinyl and styrene plastics, improved phosphates, better plywood glues, a whole family of new paper and textile chemicals . . . hundreds of Monsanto products unknown in 1938.

And the promise of fourteen years ago still holds.

In the era ahead, history may well record chemistry's work in agriculture, textiles, pharmaceuticals, transportation, foods as overshadowing the stresses and strains that fill the current headlines.

These times in which we live are trying times in many ways. But where is the chemist, on the verge of so many great developments in so many different fields, who would choose to live in any other?

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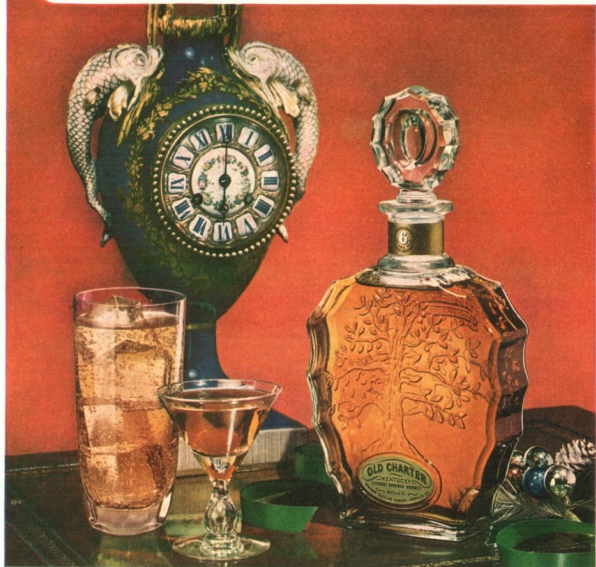


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TO THE MAN who knows good whiskey, Old Charter in this gift decanter will strike the perfect note. For, in any container, Old Charter is a masterpiece, aged six long and quiet years to perfection. If you have someone to whom you would give nobly, give Old Charter in this gleaming gift decanter, at no extra cost. (Naturally, Old Charter is also available in the standard package with a gay Christmas carton. Superb purchase—wonderful gift!)



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

INDUSTRY

More Expansion

Few U.S. companies have expanded as much in the last five years as Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. The world's biggest maker of plastics and the second biggest chemical company (first: E. I. du Pont de Nemours), Union Carbide has pumped \$500 million into new plants and products. Last week Union Carbide announced another whopping expansion. From the Prudential and Metropolitan Life insurance companies it borrowed \$300 million to step up its output of petroleum products, plastics, iron alloys and its new wool-like synthetic fiber, Dynel. If it can get materials, Union Carbide will build at the rate of more than \$100 million a year.

Other expansion programs announced last week:

☛ American Cyanamid Co. got a fast tax write-off from the DPA for a new \$47 million nitrogen-compounds plant to be built near Avondale, La., a few miles outside of New Orleans.

☛ U.S. Steel signed contracts to build a \$15 million, 170-mile-long ship channel through Venezuela's Macareo and Orinoco Rivers that will enable seagoing ore boats to pick up high-grade iron ore from its Cerro Bolivar iron mine, deliver it to the new Fairless plant (TIME, Nov. 12).

☛ Chicago's Crane Co. (plumbing fixtures, valves) stepped into the aviation industry by buying Hydro-Aire, Inc. of Burbank, Calif. (aircraft valves, filters) for \$4,000,000, expects to put \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 into expanding its new subsidiary.

☛ Caterpillar Tractor Co. borrowed \$35 million to expand its plants in Joliet and Peoria, Ill., and to build a new plant in York, Pa. which will be used to supply its eastern and Canadian dealers.

Rush for the Atom

Get into the atom business quick, Atomic Energy Commissioner T. Keith Glennan told private industry last week. Otherwise, growth of the Government monopoly in the atomic field may prove to be "the first step in the extension of governmental control over our basic industries." Unless private industry "gets in on the ground floor," Glennan told the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, a golden opportunity for future industrial uses of atomic energy will be lost. "What I would like to see is more industries knocking at our door and asking, 'What's in this for me?'"

Some of the things in it for industry, said Glennan, are the uses of radioactive waste from the operation of reactors. Possible uses: activation of phosphors for luminous signs and markers, static eliminators for a variety of industrial processes, reduction of starting-voltage requirements in process-control instruments which incorporate a source of radiation, cold sterilization of drugs and foods, and portable low-level power sources.

RAILROADS

Battle for MoPac

Of all the major railroads that went broke during the Depression, the Missouri Pacific is still the only one in bankruptcy, despite the fact that it is fat with profits. What's wrong? The trouble is that holders of \$223 million worth of top-claim MoPac bonds and holders of 828,395 shares of its common stock cannot agree on who should control the road after reorganization. At stake is a rich prize. MoPac has 10,000 miles of track tapping the Midwest and Southwest, \$104 million

war shipments decline. As President Neff's damaging testimony continued, Bob Young held whispered conferences in the back of the hearing room with his longtime friend, MoPac Chairman T. C. Davis. When Neff stepped down from the stand, Young and Davis called a press conference. President Neff, they said, had just been fired.

Actually, all Neff lost was a title. He will stay on as operating boss of MoPac at \$75,000 a year, under Guy A. Thompson, the 76-year-old St. Louis lawyer, Democratic politico and court-appointed trustee for the road. As majority stockholder, Young can pick a president. But it is an



in the till, and what looks like a bright future ahead.

No one has fought harder to grasp this prize than Railroad Juggler Robert R. Young, who owns 51% of MoPac's outstanding common stock. For two years he has opposed a plan, tentatively approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which would wipe out the common-stock interests, give control of the reorganized road to the bondholders. Last week the fight erupted in a rash of full-page ads across the nation and a flurry of charges and countercharges at an ICC hearing.

The big question before ICC was: Have MoPac's earnings improved enough to warrant a change in ICC's reorganization plan and give common stockholders a cut of the pie?

Dim Future? In ICC's Washington hearing room, Paul J. Neff, MoPac president and chief operating man for the road's court-appointed trustee, took the stand to answer the question. His answer: no. MoPac's net profit, he agreed, had hit \$22 million last year, but this year it would be closer to \$13 million. It would drop still more in the future, said Neff, as the business boom tapers off and Korean

empty title. The real bosses are Trustee Thompson and his man Neff. Nevertheless, the dramatic move set the stage nicely for Young when he took the witness stand to fire back.

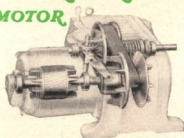
Five-Year Plan. True to form, Young charged, in ads and in his testimony, that a bunch of "bankers" were out to take over MoPac to cash in on rich banking & insurance business with the road. In this case, the bankers were operating through a "New York Financial Group" of insurance companies, led by Metropolitan Life. The insurance companies, said Young, held only \$30 million worth of MoPac bonds. Young's own cash investment is small; he acquired his MoPac stock when he and some friends bought Allegheny Corp. for \$4,000,000. If the "New York Financial Group" has its way, said Young, and the ICC plan is accepted, holders of bonds worth \$1,445 apiece would get only \$158 in cash, \$722 in fixed-interest bonds, and the rest in bonds bearing interest only if it is earned. Common stockholders would get nothing. Thompson, Young added, was siding with the bankers to put through this plan. This Thompson denied.

Then Young advanced his own plan for

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Increase workers' ability
Improve product quality
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MoPac. It would give him control, by cutting in common stockholders, but he insisted it would also give bondholders a better deal too. He would give each bondholder \$445 in cash and a \$1,000 bond with a fixed annual interest rate. There was a rub to Young's plan; the bondholders might have to wait a while before they got their cash. While paying them off with some of the \$104 million in MoPac's till, Young would use most of the road's cash to improve MoPac's financial condition.

He would buy up bonds and retire them, thus improving the road's credit so that he could refinance all MoPac's bonds at a lower interest rate, cut carrying charges. Said Young: "Within five years all of its bonds would be selling on the low interest basis, and its preferred stock would be making marked progress in the payment of accumulated dividends, and the common stock [now traded over the counter at around \$5] would be selling from \$50 to \$100 a share." Young said he had done it before. In the case of the Nickel Plate Railroad he took over when its first-mortgage bonds were selling below 30, its common stock at \$7. Nickel Plate bonds which replaced the old issue are now around 90, its common stock had sold above \$200 before it was split 5 for 1. With MoPac, said Young, he could "make clover" in the same way.

Insurers' Insurance. Young may have been somewhat over-optimistic about what he could do for MoPac, but he did have one strong point. Ex-President Neff's profit figure of \$13 million in 1951 was misleading, said Young. It gave the impression that the road had a comparatively small margin over its fixed charges. Actually, said Young, MoPac's gross of almost \$60 million (equal to four times the interest on its top bonds) was the real indication of the road's earning power.

Up till last week, Young had not seemed to be making much headway in his battle for the road. In the last vote on ICC's plan, the bondholders had heavily opposed him, were skeptical of his promises. But last week, there were signs of a shift. Word spread that MoPac bondholders had started buying MoPac common stock, just in case Young should win.

BANKING

Things to Come

At the annual convention of the Investment Bankers Association in Hollywood, Fla. last week, the San Francisco *News* polled the bankers on the outlook for U.S. business:

Q 57% thought that there would be little change in overall business conditions in 1952; 22% predicted that the boom would be even bigger; 21% looked for some recession.

Q 55% were against price controls, 45% for.

Q More than 90% guessed there would be another round of wage increases.

Q 46% thought there would be virtually no change in stock-market prices during 1952; 33% expected the market to drop; 21% predicted a rise.



"It happens every time he forgets the Angostura* in the Manhattans!"

ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

*P.S. What puts the tang in Manhattans and Old Fashioneds? It's that dash or two of Angostura. Keep a bottle in the kitchen—for adding zest to soups and sauces.

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Used successfully for nearly half a century on LAND and SEA.
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COOPERATIVES

A Mighty Army

*Oh, we are a mighty army
Though we bear no sword or gun
We're enlisted till the struggle
For cooperation's won
And beneath our banner blazoned
'One for all and all for one'
Consumers marching on.*

With all the fervor of an oldtime revival meeting, 2,854 delegates to the 23rd annual convention of the Consumers Cooperative Association last week roared out the chorus of their *Battle Hymn of Cooperation*. The wind-burned farmers who lounged in red plush chairs in Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium, munching apples, had plenty to sing about. In 23 years, C.C.A. has become the largest co-op of its kind in the U.S. It has assets of



HOWARD COWDEN
Plenty to sing about.

\$52.2 million, 449,000 member families, and last year sold \$74 million worth of merchandise—everything from tractors to toilet soap.

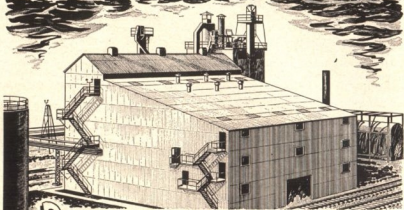
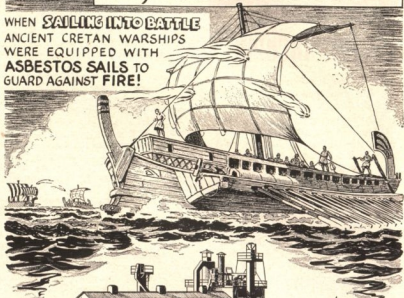
Last week C.C.A. President Howard A. Cowden told the delegates about the biggest project ever undertaken by an American co-op. To help ease the fertilizer shortage, C.C.A. will build a \$16 million nitrogen plant at Lawrence, Kans. with \$6,000,000 borrowed from C.C.A. members and the rest from the RFC. C.C.A. will also build a 5,000-barrel-a-day catalytic cracker for its refinery at Phillipsburg, Kans., open \$1,000,000 worth of lumber kilns at its mill in Swisshome, Ore.

Burned Out. The man who started C.C.A.'s "consumers marching on" is President Cowden, now 58. While secretary of the Missouri Farmers Association in 1929, he decided that farmers could save money buying through a co-op. With \$3,000 put up by six farm co-ops, he set up C.C.A. as an oil and gasoline co-op in a garage in

AMAZING ASBESTOS!

by KEASBEY & MATTISON

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ANCIENT CRETAN WARSHIPS
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TALK ABOUT INCOME TODAY... and most people will tell you they don't have enough!

That's why so many people make "Income" their primary objective when they invest. Of course, risks usually rise with the rewards from any investment. So *how much* income you can expect depends on your needs, your funds—and the degree of risk you feel you can afford. But, just for example...

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Department S-74

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*Other current advertisements of this firm deal with Growth and Safety as investment objectives. We'll be glad to send copies of these, or prepare a special investment program for your situation.

Kansas City. By the end of the year, he had 22 member co-ops, and had sold \$310,000 worth of oil products.

When one load of poor-grade oil burned out the engines of his customers' trucks and tractors at harvest time, Cowden decided to start mixing his own oil, took the first step toward producing his own products. In 1939, he raised \$350,000 from \$10 shares sold to C.C.A. members, and built a refinery. A month after the refinery went into operation, its supply of crude was shut off. Cowden raised another \$120,000 from his members to help buy oil wells and pipelines for C.C.A. It now owns about 1,000 producing wells, more than 900 miles of pipelines.

Built Up. C.C.A. branched out, now produces 80% of the products it sells to its 1,400-member co-ops to retail. While prices are competitive with big chains, co-op members get refunds at the end of the year out of "savings" (i.e., profits). Last year, out of \$6,700,000 in profits, C.C.A. members got refunds of \$5,000,000. C.C.A.'s growth has been helped enormously by the break co-ops get in tax laws. Unlike a corporation, which pays an income tax on dividends, C.C.A. pays no taxes on its refunds. C.C.A. never claimed exemption on all its profits as did many farm co-ops which asked for the same tax treatment as non-profit foundations, trusts, etc. Thus C.C.A. will not be affected by the new tax law, which put a tax on the part of the profit the co-op itself keeps.

Now, C.C.A. is trying to shift expansion away from petroleum products which are 69% of its sales. It wants to boost sales in farm machinery, fertilizer, food and home appliances. By doing so, it expects to hit annual sales of \$100 million.

OIL & GAS

Anglo-Iranian Reports

Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. has some bad news for Iran. Last week in his annual report for 1950, Anglo-Iranian Board Chairman Sir William Fraser disclosed that the company has already made up from other sources two-thirds of the oil lost when its property in Iran was nationalized. The squeeze on world oil supplies, which had been a strong bargaining point for Iran, was fast ending. Production has been stepped up in fields in which Anglo-Iranian has an interest in Kuwait, Qatar and Iraq.

In Kuwait alone, where Anglo-Iranian splits production with Gulf Oil Corp., output is close to 800,000 bbls. a day, compared to 640,000 bbls. a day from Iran before nationalization. And last week Anglo-Iranian and Gulf assured the steady flow of Kuwait oil by signing a 50-50 profit-sharing agreement with the Sheik of Kuwait. By expanding its refineries all over the world, Anglo-Iranian expects to make up by 1953 for the loss of the Abadan refinery.

Increased production, sales and prices raised Anglo-Iranian's net profit in 1950 to \$94.5 million (v. \$51.6 million in 1949), the biggest ever earned by a wholly British corporation. Despite the nationaliza-



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THE MAICO COMPANY

TIME, DECEMBER 10, 1951



Associated Press

SIR WILLIAM FRASER

With oil and money so plentiful . . .

tion trouble, stockholders will get their regular 30% dividend* or 84¢ a share. Iran's slice for 1950 was \$45 million in royalties. If Iran had accepted the company's 1949 proposal to increase royalties, Iran's 1950 royalties would have been \$94 million. This year, said Sir William, under a new proposal for a 50-50 profit split, Iran would have received about \$140 million. In short, with oil and money so plentiful, Anglo-Iranian might well have averted the trouble in Iran by a more liberal use of American-style industrial statesmanship.

ARMAMENT

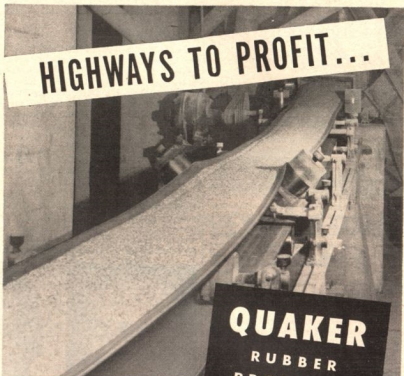
The Big Guns

One hundred corporations received 61.5% of the \$29.7 billion in defense contracts of more than \$10,000 awarded in the last fiscal year, the Munitions Board reported last week. Though General Motors alone copped 8% of the total, the board observed that many of G.M.'s contracts were eventually parceled out to subcontractors. In World War II, the board noted, the top 100 companies got 67.2% of the total contracts of \$50,000 or more. Today's top ten:

Company	Amount (in millions)	Percent of total
General Motors	\$2,372.5	8.0
United Aircraft	1,228.0	4.1
Douglas Aircraft	735.5	2.5
Grumman Aircraft	702.6	2.4
General Electric	654.2	2.2
Republic Aviation	650.4	2.2
American Locomotive	607.8	2.1
Lockheed Aircraft	607.3	2.1
North American Aviation	507.0	1.7
Boeing Airplane	482.2	1.6

* Not as high as it sounds, since in Britain it means only 30% of the stock's par value (\$2.80), not its market value (\$15.75).

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in grain handling



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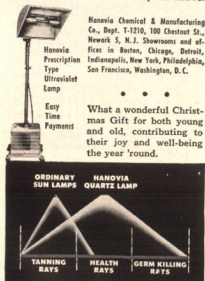
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Do not confuse Hanovia Quartz Lamps with ordinary sun lamps having a limited energy output in the sun-tan portion of ultraviolet light... Hanovia Quartz Lamps give you tanning rays and in addition, powerful radiant energy covering the full range of beneficial ultraviolet rays.

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EDUCATION

The Golden Key

In the Apollo room of the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, Va., a group of students from the College of William and Mary met one night in 1776 to form a new fraternity. The fraternity was to be nothing like other roistering student societies of the day. It was to have as its motto the first letters of three Greek words: Φιλοσοφία Βίον Κυβερνήτης ("Love of wisdom the guide of life"). The letters, chosen that night, have remained stamped on U.S. higher education ever since—Phi Beta Kappa.

Last week at William and Mary, local PBKs were meeting again. But unlike most annual gatherings of the group, the occasion involved something more than merely honoring the year's new members. As other chapters would soon be doing on

High Standard. At Yale, Eli Whitney won a key, and Chemist Benjamin Silliman bitterly complained about PBK's bibulous anniversary meetings ("After such surfeits, I am always sick"). In 1818, South Carolina College at Columbia applied for a charter, sent it to the Secretary of War, PBK's John C. Calhoun, who in turn sent it to the Secretary of State, PBK's John Quincy Adams. Adams was the first presidential member. Those who came after him: Chester A. Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt* and William Howard Taft.

Today, from its permanent headquarters in Williamsburg, PBK rules over 151 chapters and 120,000 living members. It still does not recognize non-liberal-arts colleges, even such famed ones as M.I.T., and it still wields no direct power over academic affairs, even on campuses where it has chapters. But in 175 years of dan-



ADAMS



ROBESON



TONE

The Bettmann Archive, H. G. Walker—Life, Aome

"Love of wisdom the guide of life."

campuses across the U.S., William and Mary was celebrating Phi Beta Kappa's 175th anniversary.

Powerful Symbol. In those 175 years, the gold key of PBK has become a powerful symbol in U.S. education. Though most off-campus Americans pretend not to care much about it, most know what it is. Those who wear it can be as different as Franchot Tone and Senator Paul Douglas, as Paul Robeson and Senator Robert Taft, as Byron ("Whizzer") White and Helen Wills Moody. But they all have one thing in common: they got good marks in college.

Over the years, hundreds of members have also earned good marks after college. In its first 70 years, PBK added only six chapters; but by that time its reputation had already spread all over the U.S. When Harvard's chapter gave a dinner in 1824, Lafayette was there. At the Harvard meeting of 1833, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the poet; in 1837, Ralph Waldo Emerson was the orator and delivered his famous plea for the liberation of the American scholar ("Our intellectual Declaration of Independence!" cried PBK's Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Our Yankee version of a lecture by Abélard!" echoed PBK's James Russell Lowell).

glings its golden key, PBK has set a high standard for U.S. students, and by its very existence has persuaded hundreds to raise their intellectual sights.

Time for a Truce

For 20 years one of the main battles of U.S. educators has been waged by the followers of John Dewey ("Learning by Doing") on one side, and the followers of Robert Hutchins ("The Great Books") on the other. Last week, in a crisp editorial, the editors of the *Freeman* sensibly suggested that it was about time for the two factions to get together:

"Why, indeed, should Dewey and Hutchins be opposed to each other? Isn't 'learning by doing' part of any good educational process? Isn't it the mark of the well-educated man, even of the well-educated 'doer,' that he have more than a nodding acquaintance with at least some of the 'great books'? Learning, it has al-

* Franklin Roosevelt, an indifferent student at Harvard, was made an honorary member of PBK in 1929. Other honorary PBKs: Presidents Pierce, Hayes, Garfield, Wilson, Coolidge (who also got their keys as graduates); Presidents Van Buren and Cleveland (who never went to college) and President Truman (who had two years at Kansas City Law School).

ways seemed to us, is a double process; it proceeds by a mixed recourse to both theory and practice . . .

"The Deweyite who concentrates solely on learning as a 'process' fails to comprehend that 'process' has no meaning apart from the question of direction . . . To be of value, the repetition of any set of experiences must yield a body of pertinent generalizations . . .

"The 'great books' are, of course, the repositories of many funded generalizations. But, in justice to the Deweyite, certain 'great books' contain their own share of palpable nonsense . . . The ideas in the 'great books' most assuredly must be put to the test of historical experience, or of the market place . . .

"The end of education should be the discovery of truth—i.e., the discovery of the laws that govern action, including human action. If we are not subject to natural law, then there can be no guideposts and no real reason to pursue knowledge. It does not require an education to live in a universe where all things go by chance or whim . . .

"What we would like to see is an end to the warfare over educational methods. All the methods are useful. The textbook should be supplemented with the field trip; the ukase from the platform should be tested by the experiment in the laboratory . . . But of what import are the various methods of learning if learning itself has no substance, no corpus of laws, no end? The business of American educators is to seek to establish the nature of man and the universe, and to make a valiant try at formulating the laws that govern each . . . Certainty may elude us, but if we do not try eternally for certainty, there is no point to education, and no need to spend money in sending our boys and girls to school."

Failure in Los Angeles

How many feet are there in a yard?

What letter comes before M—K, L, N, or O?

What time is it?

Such simple questions, and 657 more just like them, were put last spring to 30,000 Los Angeles schoolchildren by Associate Superintendent Maurice G. Blair. Last week parents and teachers got a look at the results and yelped with pained surprise.

Among the eleventh graders (aged 16 to 18), 3% could not tell the time shown on a drawing of a clock, 8% did not know how many feet there are in a yard, 4% could not say what letter comes before M, and 14% could not give the answer to: "What is 50% of 36?"

Eighth graders were just as bad. Though almost all (98%) could locate California on a map, 13% could not find the Atlantic Ocean and 16% failed on their own home town. One out of five could not name California's governor, one out of three wrote, "Has the bell rang?", nearly half did not know how to punctuate "April 15, 1951." Only 40% correctly answered the question: "Frank paid \$8



Above the Earth

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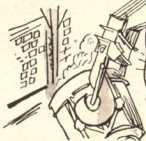
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Tall Tale

Heat never hurt Joe Magarac, the strong man of Steel Valley. Night and day he'd sit in the door of No. 7 furnace on the open hearth, stirring and tasting the melting steel. When it tasted right, he'd scoop it out by the handful and spill it into the ingot molds. Then he'd take and squeeze the ingots until the prettiest steel rails you ever saw came rolling out between his fingers.



to Fabulous Fact

They say Joe Magarac was made of iron and that's why heat never hurt him. Same's true in a different way of Silastic*, the Dow Corning silicone rubber. Built on a heat-stable skeleton of silicon and oxygen atoms taken from sand, Silastic thumbs its nose at heat and cold. It's the only rubberlike material that won't melt or become brittle at temperatures from -100° to over 500° F. That's why they use Silastic to hold hot oil in aircraft engines and automobile transmissions; to seal aircraft heating and deicing systems and to keep cooling fins on aircraft engine cylinders from breaking. Silastic also keeps your steam iron from leaking; insulates diesel-electric locomotive motors; keeps communication systems operable in warships under fire; retains its properties at temperatures too hot or too cold for any other rubbery material.

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*T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



plus 3% sales tax for a pair of shoes. How much did the shoes cost him?"

When the news broke, Los Angeles newspapers rushed it into headlines: 330 OF L.A. HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS CAN'T TELL TIME. In scores of phone calls, parents lashed out at the schoolmen, and the schoolmen lashed right back ("If we work the kids," said Blair, "we get hell. If we don't work them, we get hell"). At an open meeting of the board of education, Superintendent Alexander Stoddard asked



Chuck Clumb—Graphic House
EXAMINER BLAIR
"We get hell."

for \$2,250,000 to hire 500 more teachers and to give special instruction to backward students.

But some citizens had serious doubts as to whether added instruction would be enough to correct L.A.'s wretched showing. Said Board Member LeRoy Edwards: "It is hard to believe that thousands of our pupils are mentally retarded. There must be something wrong with the way they are being taught." To many an L.A. parent, that was putting it mildly.

Prayer for the Classroom

To the New York State Board of Regents, separation of church and state does not mean that the public schools should bar God from the classroom entirely. "Belief in . . . God," said the regents, "was the very cornerstone upon which our Founding Fathers built . . . We are convinced that this fundamental belief . . . is the best security against the dangers of these difficult days." Last week, in an unprecedented recommendation to all New York's public schools, the regents (eight Protestants, three Roman Catholics, two Jews) urged that pupils be allowed to share in that belief by beginning each day with a prayer:

"Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers, and our country."



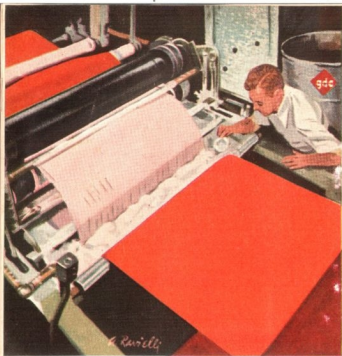
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 100 PROOF—STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, Inc. Louisville, Kentucky



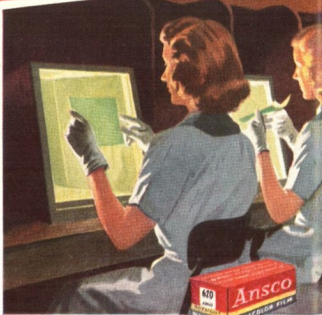
Dyestuffs... With its huge plants at Rensselaer, N. Y. and Grasselli, N. J., General Aniline makes about one-quarter of the dyestuffs made in this country, more than 1200 dyes, used in textiles, paper, paint, plastics, leather, fur, printing and many other industrial products. GAF dyes and chemicals are sold through General Dyestuff Corporation...



Cameras... The GAF Anso Division, in Binghamton, N. Y., makes fine cameras, priced under \$5 and up to \$400, for amateurs and professionals... and camera accessories, darkroom equipment, photographic chemicals and papers...



Chemicals... GAF production includes all the textile auxiliaries for dyeing and finishing fabrics... detergents, acetylene derivatives, carbonyl iron powder, and materials used in synthetic rubber, coolants, adhesives, etc....



Film... Anso is the country's second largest producer of photographic film... black and white, color, motion picture, X-ray and for a wide range of industrial and educational uses. Anso films fit any camera, can be bought anywhere...

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GAF is the largest US producer of quality dyestuffs, supplies a wide variety of industrial chemicals; makes Ansco films and papers, cameras and equipment, Ozalid copying machines and recording papers.

Under German control before War II, General Aniline was taken over by the United States Government in 1942. Alien management was replaced, and production maintained for war needs. Since the War, GAF has operated by authority of the Attorney General of the United States.

Under Government control, GAF is subject to many handicaps. For instance, it

cannot raise equity capital for necessary expansion by selling securities; or embark on any long range program which might conflict with policies of future owners.

HOWEVER, from 1942 to 1951, GAF has spent \$33 million expanding its facilities, and \$29 million in research; yet has shown a profit of more than \$40 million and paid more than \$50 million in taxes; increased its assets from \$64 million to \$125 million, and sales from \$45 million to \$95 million plus!

When this Corporation goes back to private ownership, it will have returned a handsome profit to American taxpayers for the period under Government control.

(signed)

Jack Frye
JACK FRYE, PRESIDENT



Ozalid®... copying machines, including the new Ozamatic model shown above, made in Johnson City, N. Y.... save costs by quick reproduction of letters, plans, forms, photographs...

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... some recent developments

New Ansco color film... for motion pictures, gives more faithful reproduction of natural colors. MGM is using it in a new motion picture titled "The Wild North," to be out soon. Watch for release.

Hot oil process... for the vat dyeing of cottons, discovered in October 1950, gives deeper, truer, faster colors; cuts dyeing time in half, uses less dyestuffs. Adopted rapidly by commercial dyers, the process was used to dye more than 50 million yards this year.

Ansco cameras... new imported models with superior lenses, shutters, and other features, made by Agfa in the US Zone of Germany, priced at \$36 to \$168.50, including Federal excise tax, are now on sale.

48 new dyes... were developed in 1950, including new dark shades for nylon.

Acetylene derivatives... Four years of pioneering research on acetylene, formerly too dangerous to work with, have resulted in derivatives for surface active agents, plastics, pharmaceuticals, textiles, and many new materials and products. A new acetylene products plant in Grasselli, N. J., is now in commercial operation.

PVP... polycvinylpyrrolidone, blood plasma substitute, eliminates blood typing, is low cost, can be accurately controlled for uniformity, kept indefinitely without

deteriorating, is more readily infused than natural blood. PVP-Iodine, germicide and virucide, decreases toxic action of drugs... increases and prolongs the effect of beneficial antibiotics, and others. Both PVP and PVP-I are undergoing tests by Government agencies, industrial laboratories, and medical clinics.

Gafite... a clear plastic material, tough, highly heat resistant, promises better hoods for jet planes, is now under test by Air Force.

Fiber glass dyeing... a process for dyeing glass piece goods with vat dyes was developed by cooperative efforts of GAF and the Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corporation... makes fireproof draperies available in color.

Marhen method... developed by our chemists, employs electronic controls in vat dyeing, for more uniformity, constant shades.

Export sales... have steadily developed since the end of the War, now amount to more than \$9 million per year, about 10% of GAF total sales.

Foreign affiliates... new manufacturing companies, in which GAF has a part interest, have been started in Canada and Italy.

Science career... The chemical industry needs chemists, physicists, and engineers. Write for "How to Prepare for a Career in Science," a free illustrated booklet for high school students, teachers and parents.



Research... is carried on at every GAF plant... and in the Central Research Laboratory, Easton, Pa. More than 1000 people are engaged in new product research and development...

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Rayon spreads good news!

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT the traditional beauty of the candlewick spread could be bettered! Yet right now an entirely new kind of loveliness is ready for your bedroom. You'll find the tufted pattern that George Washington slept under has been given added radiance... new depth of color—and as an extra bonus—virtual freedom from lint.

As you might expect, rayon is again responsible for another important improvement in household textiles. A special form of this adaptable man-made fiber—more lustrous and "springy" than conventional materials—

makes possible the gay little candlewick pom-poms that come right back into shape after laundering... keep their fluffiness indefinitely.

Of course, the candlewick is only one of many rayon spreads. You'll find handsome chenilles, jacquards, satins, and failles galore. And consider rayon's other contributions—improved floor coverings, decorator-designed drapery and upholstery fabrics—lampshades and tablecloths. No wonder so many homemakers are finding it's appealing and practical to live with rayon! American Viscose Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



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MUSIC

Britten's Seventh

"Last night a masterpiece was born, and it will outlive the lot of us," declared London's *Sunday Graphic*. Not all the critics were that ecstatic, but London seemed to agree last week that Benjamin Britten's seventh opera, *Billy Budd*, was far & away his best.

For his first grand-scale opera since *Peter Grimes*, 38-year-old "Benji" turned again to tragedy and the sea. He took his story from Herman Melville's novel of the British navy during the Napoleonic wars, and enlisted one of Britain's leading literary lights, Novelist E. M. Forster, to work on the libretto along with Eric Crozier, an old hand in Britten operas.

There were plenty of technical problems, including the theoretically fatal one of an all-male cast. Billy Budd, the innocent young sailor who represents good in the allegorical struggle with evil, stands in sharp contrast with the wicked Master-at-Arms, Claggart. But Captain Vere had to be "tidied up," made into a more central symbol of conflict: he knows that Billy was framed, but he also knows that under the Articles of War Billy must hang for striking Claggart.

First-nighters sat through the first act in a ho-hum mood, but the second brought them to life with Billy's fight with one of Claggart's henchmen and Claggart's bitter monologue rejoicing in his own depravity—sung by Basso Frederick Dalberg. Britten's triumph was the third act, in which Captain Vere (Tenor Peter Pears) walks to Billy's door, accompanied by long-measured chords, to deliver the death verdict. When the curtain fell for the act, there were seconds of silence, and then shouts of "Bravo, Benji." Billy's fourth-act soliloquy, poetically sung by U.S.

Baritone Theodor Uppman, and Captain Vere's epilogue, capped the climax.

At the fifth curtain call, Britten himself edged shyly out of the wings. After him came Forster, beaming benignly, and Crozier. It took 18 curtain calls to satisfy the crowd.

Wrote the *Sunday Observer's* careful Eric Blom: "The same salty sea tang of *Peter Grimes* is there with . . . riper humanity, more compassionate understanding, expressed in a way impossible to achieve except through music."

Variations on Two Fingers

Little Gania Borodin had a favor to ask of her famous father: Could she play a duet with him on the piano? Russian Composer Alexander Borodin beamed—it was news to him that his little girl could play at all. But he listened while she picked out "Chopsticks" with a finger of each hand. Fascinated, he began to improvise a ten-finger accompaniment in the bass while she pecked.

Later, Borodin wrote a funeral march and a mazurka around the tune, which he called the *Coteletten Polka*,* and proudly showed the pieces to his musical friends. Rimsky-Korsakov promptly added several variations; other composer friends chipped in too, and before long there were 16 paraphrases. All were written for piano duet, the lower part for a skilled player, the upper for two fingers. In 1879, when the collection was published, Liszt got a copy, and added a paraphrase of his own.

U.S. music lovers can now hear the paraphrases on the immemorial "Chopsticks," or *Tati-Tati*, as it later was called,

* *Coteletten* (now spelled with a K) was German for the French *côtelettes*, meaning cutlets—or chops.



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performed by full orchestra. Alfred Frankenstein, music critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, had a copy of the paraphrases, suggested to Conductor Werner Janssen that he orchestrate it. Columbia Records heard about it, suggested a recording with Janssen conducting the Columbia Symphony. A little research revealed that half of the paraphrases had already been orchestrated, under the title *Tati-Tati*, by a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov's, Nicolai Tcherepne. Columbia put Tcherepne's version on one side of an LP disc, Janssen's on the other.

Tati-Tati is no long-lost masterpiece, but with Gania Borodin's appealing little theme blown, bowed and bonged in a dozen moods and moods, it has plenty of charm. Like Papa Borodin's own *Prince Igor*, it could make some choreographer a first-rate ballet score.



RABIN & SON
 "Stage fright? What's that?"

New Prodigy

The big, moonfaced youngster marched onstage in Carnegie Hall with the self-assurance of a veteran. He gave the audience a confident smile, then signaled Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos to launch the New York Philharmonic-Symphony into the Paganini *Concerto No. 1*. From his first bow strokes, 15-year-old Michael Rabin proved he had something to be confident about. His technique was effortless, his tone strong and clean, his style and phrasing in the brilliant manner of Heifetz and Isaac Stern.

It was a proud day for Michael, but perhaps a prouder one for his father. At the end of the performance, Conductor Mitropoulos strode to the first-violin section and shook hands with George Rabin, 51, a Philharmonic fiddler for almost 30 years.

The Rabins, both professional musicians, were careful not to push Michael; they even tried to hold him back a bit.

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But as father Rabin puts it, his talent was "too big." At three, Michael proved his absolute pitch by casually identifying the exact tones of steam whistles and automobile horns. At seven, he started piano lessons ("very good too"). Then, at the house of a friend, he found a half-size violin. He asked for it and got it. By his eighth birthday, he was practicing four hours a day.

Nowadays, practicing and performing take so much time that Michael has to get his schooling from a tutor. A cocky, self-assured lad, he has already learned 20 concertos, including what he calls "the standard box-office concertos"—Brahms, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky. He will soon get a chance to perform all of them. His parents are allowing him a limited number of engagements (24 this season), mostly with symphony orchestras. He likes playing in public. "Stage fright? What's that?" Does he like turning pro so young? "Oh, yes. I like going from city to city."

The Big Baton Mystery

It was the "waiting music" that introduces the third act of *Madame Butterfly*. In the pit of Chicago's Civic Opera House, Conductor Laszlo Halasz turned to the first-violin section of his New York City Opera Company orchestra to urge them on. Few in the audience noticed what happened next, but it made the most controversial musical mystery of the week.

The fact was that astonished young (28) Concertmaster Alfred Bruening caught a flying baton in the face. The mystery: Did the baton just slip out of Halasz's hand, as Halasz claimed, or did he hurl it, straight and true as a javelin, as the outraged concertmaster afterward charged?

There were partisans in the orchestra to support each hypothesis. But James Caesar Petrillo, czar of the mighty American Federation of Musicians, rushed to the concertmaster's corner. "The way I understand it," steamed Petrillo, "things weren't going so good, so [Halasz] throws the baton in this kid's face . . . If Halasz is looking for trouble he's going to get it—especially in Chicago." Petrillo stoked his boiler until just before curtain time for the next performance, and then, with the audience in their seats for *Carmen*, ordered the musicians out of the pit until Halasz apologized.

"Did you throw the baton?" roared Petrillo. "Of course not, it's ridiculous," replied Halasz. "If you threw the baton, are you ready to apologize?" "I didn't throw the baton," insisted Halasz.

Petrillo, at ffff: "If you threw that baton, would you be willing to apologize?" "Yes," said Halasz, "but I didn't throw the baton." Said Petrillo: "That constitutes an apology. It's settled." Fifteen minutes later, the curtain finally went up on *Carmen*.

Still protesting his innocence, Halasz conducted in Milwaukee the next night with bare hands. "I feel," he said, "that the baton handicaps me a little when it comes to smoother movements."



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MILESTONES

Married. Samia Gamal, 27, Egyptian dancer and cinemactress, favorite of King Farouk; and Sheppard King III, 27, head-line-hungry Houston real-estate heir; he for the third time (he married his first wife twice); in Cairo. After the honeymoon, Samia plans to wiggle in Manhattan and Miami nightclubs.

Died. Marion Benda, 45, Ziegfeld Follies girl of the '20s, long rumored to be the mysterious Woman in Black who made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Screen Lover Rudolph Valentino each year on the anniversary of his death; by her own hand (sleeping pills, on her seventh attempt); in Hollywood. She claimed to have gone dancing with Valentino the night he was fatally stricken with an attack of peritonitis and gastric ulcers, afterwards made the headlines by announcing that they had been married and were the parents of a baby girl. Later she did marry 1) a Hollywood golf writer (it lasted a day), 2) a wealthy baron, 3) a doctor. Of her tendency to swallow overdoes of sleeping pills, she declared: "He [Valentino] always said I was too beautiful to live."

Died. Mrs. Florence C. Casler, 51, 41st employee of the U.S. Radium Corp. to die of radium poisoning; in East Orange, N.J. While working in the corporation's plant in Orange in 1917-19, Mrs. Casler, like the other victims, apparently swallowed bits of radium when she moistened a paintbrush with her lips while painting numerals on watch and clock dials. Apparently unaffected for 23 years, she showed the first symptoms of her fatal illness in 1942.

Died. Kenneth Spicer Wherry, 59, U.S. Senator from Nebraska since 1943, Republican floor leader since 1949; of pneumonia; in Washington (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Edwin Leland James, 61, for 19 years managing editor of the New York Times; of a heart disease; in Manhattan. Jaunty, cane-swinging, Virginia-born "Jimmy" James first cubbed for the Baltimore Sun, became a regular Times byliner with his World War I front-line dispatches, stayed in Europe for the Times until called home in 1930, built up the Times's crack foreign staff. One of his best-known leads was on the 1918 Armistice: "In a twinkling, four years of killing and massacre stopped as if God had swept His omnipotent finger across the scene of world carnage and had cried, 'Enough.'"

Died. Sir Peter Henry Buck, 71, lifelong friend of New Zealand's native Maoris, leading authority on the South Pacific's Polynesian culture; in Honolulu. Born to an Irish father who married a Maori tribal princess, Buck led the hard-fighting Maori troops in World War I. He wrote about Polynesians in *Vikings of the Sunrise*, helped the U.S. Navy resettlement Polynesians who left Bikini to make way for the atom bomb tests.



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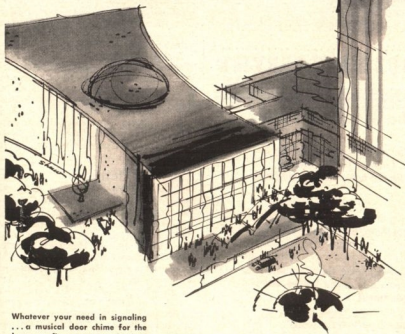
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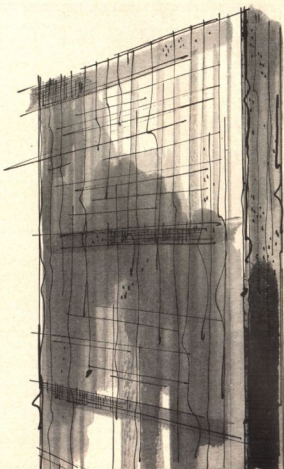
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Box Office

November's top moneymakers, as reported this week in *Variety's* box-office poll of 24 key cities:

- 1) *An American in Paris* (M-G-M)
- 2) *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Warner)
- 3) *Detective Story* (Paramount)
- 4) *Quo Vadis* (M-G-M)
- 5) *The Blue Veil* (RKO Radio).

Lesson in Salesmanship

Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man 'way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back—that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat and you're finished...

—*Death of a Salesman*

When Salesman Robert Whitney, head of the National Sales Executives organization, heard about this graveside elegy to the American traveling man, he rushed off to see Producer Stanley Kramer. Such a gloomy fadeout, Whitney argued, would horrify the peppy, up-to-the-minute salesman of today. Kramer would not tamper with the grim plot of his forthcoming film version of *Death of a Salesman*. But he offered a sop. Columbia would make a special ten-minute short for Whitney's organization, showing that salesmen these days are not like Willy Loman at all, but happy, well-trained technicians who are a valuable natural resource in the U.S.

Last week a script was all ready for shooting, and Kramer had agreed to narrate it himself. When he turned it over to Whitney, for showing at schools and sales meetings, he will have made a neat little sale himself. Thousands of salesmen (and potential movie customers) will hear Producer Kramer explain: "*Death of a Salesman* was a great play. It will be a great picture."

The New Pictures

Callaway Went Thataway (M-G-M) cheerfully spoofs a national institution—the oldtime movie cowboy, exhumed by TV, exalted on boxtops and enriched by millions of worshipping, gun-toting little fans. In fairness to Hopalong Cassidy, who dispatched deputies to a Hollywood screening to see if M-G-M had poisoned his waterhole, the studio adds a postscript to the film: "This picture was made in the spirit of fun and was meant in no way to detract from the wholesome influence, civic-mindedness and the many charitable contributions of Western idols of our American youth..."

Like Hoppy himself, Smoky Callaway becomes a TV craze on the strength of his ancient horse operas. Unlike Hoppy, Smoky in real life is an ornery cuss—a chippie-chasing roisterer on a steady diet of alcohol. What is worse, from the standpoint of Hucksters Fred MacMurray and



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Dorothy McGuire, Smoky has been missing for years. When their sponsor insists on meeting him, they hire a Hollywood agent (Jesse White) to follow Smoky's alcoholic spoor wherever it may lead, and bring him back alive.

Then they discover a deadringer for Smoky in a simple, clean-living cowpoke named Stretch Barnes. The hucksters frantically try to train him how to behave before the camera and in Hollywood society. Despite his gift for social errors, e.g., hailing Clark Gable jovially as "Sam," Cowpoke Barnes successfully fools the sponsor and the kiddies. But just as the double seems thoroughly entrenched, Agent White dredges the real Smoky out



HOWARD KEEL AND DOROTHY MCGUIRE
In Hopalong's waterhole, no poison.

of a Cuban ginmill and rushes him back to Hollywood for rehabilitation.

The plot leads inevitably to a snarl of identity between the two cowboys, bot's played by Howard Keel. But the picture picks up most of its fun en route, in the desperate connivance and tart wisecracks of MacMurray and McGuire, the elaborate innocence of Callaway's double, the real Smoky's talent for caching liquor so cleverly that he stays bewilderingly plastered throughout his alcoholic cure. Hopalong, however, need not call the sheriff. Callaway bares its teeth only to grin, not to bite; and it provides parents with welcome comic relief from the hoofbeats that have invaded the U.S. home.

The Light Touch (M-G-M) opens with a deft lesson in the art of stealing an old master's painting from a crowded Italian museum. A self-contained little thriller, from the planning to the getaway, this sequence is plotted and timed as neatly as the theft itself. It also pegs the film's picaresque hero without a wasted motion. Stewart Granger is the Raffles of art—clever, nonchalant, cynically aware that the painting is on loan from a church



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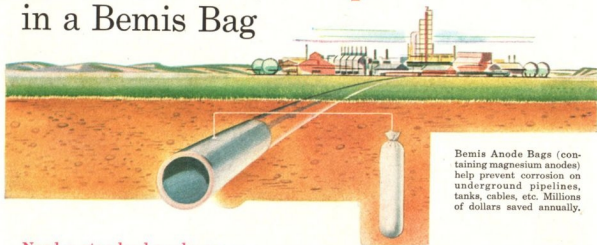
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altar, so thoroughgoing a rascal that he not only carries on an affair with his henchman's wife but uses the husband's unwitting help to break it off when his interest flags.

But the tension of the opening sequence unwinds steadily in a dawdling intrigue of dishonor among thieves. Granger takes the painting to Tunis, where he meets silkily villainous Art Dealer George Sanders ("You know I detest violence"), who has commissioned him to steal it. Granger tells Sanders that the painting was accidentally destroyed and proposes making forgeries instead for the wealthy collector's trade.

Granger then dupes strait-laced Artist Pier (Teresa) Angeli into making the first copy. Sanders plays along with the scheme while wisely acting on the theory that Granger plans to sell the real painting



ANGELI & GRANGER
Her destiny: regeneration?

himself. Ultimately, after each double-cross has been doubled and redoubled, Scoundrel Granger is regenerated by the love of a good woman—the kind of feat that angelic Actress Angeli may be forever destined by Hollywood to perform.

Ironically, Scripter-Director Richard Brooks is the author of a current novel (*The Producer*) in which a moviemaker grapples with a front-office demand for an ending that wrenches the hero out of character. Brooks's own movie is a stock item too artificial to pose this issue as a problem of integrity, but by wrenching Granger out of character for a happy ending, he burdens *The Light Touch* with its heaviest going.

The Rocket (RKO Radio) is Hollywood's answer to the Kefauver crime hearings, which showed millions of TV fans that the truth is often stranger than Hollywood fiction. Not to be outdone by the truth, Producer Edmund Grainger now strikes a blow for the moviemakers by

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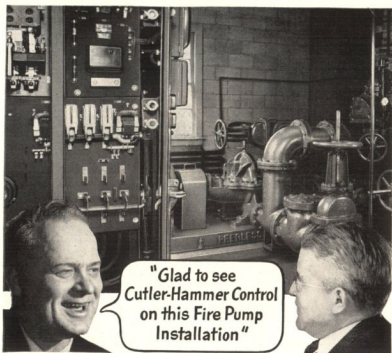
The National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland has silver spoons, which may be even older than the art of Scotch distilling, which dates back at least to the 15th Century.



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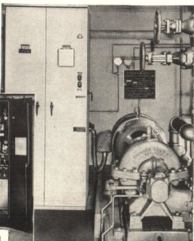
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offering a big-city crime fable as outlandish as oversimplification and exaggeration can make it.

The film's mythical city (misleadingly introduced with a shot of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street) is run by an old-fashioned mobster (Robert Ryan), now quasi-respectable, in alliance with a mysterious mastermind of U.S. crime and corruption. The only honest public official in town is Police Captain Robert Mitchum, and though the crooks have had him shifted to a "quiet" district, all the picture's five killings take place in his bailiwick.

Mitchum, who owes Ryan a grudge from boyhood, finally gets his man, but not before the racketeer blows up his home, bumps off a talkative political candidate, twists the assistant state's attorney into cringing obedience and, swaggering into the police station, shoots a cop and walks away. Also present: a hard-looking nightclub thrush (Lizabeth Scott) with a heart of gold, and a reporter (Robert Hutton) who loves her at first sight.

The big brain of U.S. crime, who makes and breaks judges, prosecutors and gangland *Gauleiters* from a real-estate office in the middle of town, is known to the cast of *The Racket* only as "The Old Man." If anyone knows his name, no one mentions it, and nobody, including the audience, ever gets a look at him. The invisible Old Man gives the best performance in the trashiest major production of the year.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Quo Vadis. The costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made, a colossal melodramatic spectacle about Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Britain's Michael Redgrave, as a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, in Playwright Terence Rattigan's story of an unloved master on his way out of an English public school (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Producer-Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness, as an engaging master criminal in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, full of fine dances and as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India; based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (TIME, Sept. 24).

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BOOKS

Poems for the Eye

COLLECTED POEMS (180 pp.)—Marianne Moore—Macmillan (\$3).

Marianne Moore is a spinster who has lived on the same quiet Brooklyn street for more than 20 years. Strolling through nearby Ft. Greene Park, she might easily be mistaken for somebody's grandma. But as she goes about her calm daily routine, her mind is often busy arranging words with the grace with which the Japanese arrange flowers: Marianne Moore is just about the most accomplished poetess alive.

At 64, Marianne Moore is offering her small but fervent public a collected view of her poetic garden. Nothing quite like it has ever been seen before. Through its pleasant paths wander such birds and beasts as the jerboa, the Malay dragon, the pangolin and the plumet basilisk. In one poem she presents "the frilled lizard, the kind with no legs, and the three-horned chameleon . . . that take to flight if you do not." But while the surface of these delicate verses concerns animals, a second look shows that they are about human beings, too—and about such virtues as orderliness, courage and humility.

Where, in Brooklyn, could anyone discover such exotic creatures? In museums, where Marianne Moore loves to peer, and in such dependable sources as the *National Geographic* and the *Illustrated London News*. Like all true poets, she is an armchair explorer, her imagination serving as an inner eye. But anyone looking for soulful murk will not find it here. She does not flaunt her secret suffering: "The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence; not in silence but restraint."

She prefers a seemingly restraint in natural objects, too:

I don't like diamonds;

*the emerald's 'grass-lamp glow' is better;
and unobtrusiveness is dazzling,
upon occasion.*

Some kinds of gratitude are trying.

At her best, Marianne Moore writes poems for the eye as well as the ear. Arranged in exact syllabic patterns, and sprinkled with subtle internal rhymes, they are difficult to read aloud, and often sound a bit prosy. But on the page, as in *The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing*, her style is as elegant as a minuet. The mind, she writes:

is an enchanted thing

like the glaze on a

katydid-wing

subdivided by sun

till the nettles are legion.

Like Gieseking playing Scarlatti;

like the apteryx-asl

as a beak, or the

kiwi's rain-shawl

of haired feathers, the mind

feeling its way as though blind,

walks along with its eyes on the ground.



George Platt Lynes

MARIANNE MOORE

The deepest feeling shows in restraint.

Writing about Ireland, she calls it:

*a place as kind as it is green,
the greenest place I've never seen.*

Every name is a tune.

Denunciations do not affect

*the culprit; nor blows, but it
is torture to him to not be spoken to . . .*

The wonderful Irish, says Marianne Moore:

*. . . The Irish say your trouble is their
trouble and your*

joy their joy? I wish

I could believe it;

I am troubled, I'm dissatisfied, I'm Irish.



Underwood & Underwood

AIRCRAFTMAN SHAW

The essential Lawrence is elsewhere.

Snippets of a Hero

THE ESSENTIAL T. E. LAWRENCE (328 pp.)—Edited by David Garnett—Dutton (\$3.75).

Archaeologist, British intelligence officer, combat-wise leader of Arab guerrillas during World War I, brilliant theoretician of war, master of English prose—all these, and more, was T. E. Lawrence.

Perhaps the most extraordinary act of his life was his decision, in 1922, to chuck the world's honors and enlist under a pseudonym in the R.A.F. It took six months for Lawrence to be discovered and tossed out—the Air Ministry considered his enlistment alarmingly unconventional. But in those six months Lawrence had captured all the impressions he needed for a corrosive study of barracks life. Later, he talked his way back into the R.A.F. as Aircraftman T. E. Shaw (he took the name legally), and claimed to wish no other life. But before his death in a motorcycle accident in 1935, he brought together his old barracks notes, and some thoughts on military comradeship, in *The Mint*. By Lawrence's instructions, it is not to be published until crucial people mentioned in it are dead.

To obey Lawrence and still comply with U.S. copyright laws, Publishers Doubleday printed 27 copies of *The Mint*, stuck 25 in a safe and gave two to the Library of Congress. Technically, the 25 copies are for sale, but to discourage trade (until a few more characters die), Doubleday has priced them at \$500,000 apiece. Meanwhile, anyone who promises not to quote from it may examine one of the Library of Congress copies.

With the permission of Lawrence's publishers, Critic David Garnett has now done a bit of lifting. In his Lawrence potpourri, which consists of specimens from Lawrence's books, articles and letters, two excerpts from *The Mint* appear for the first time. Reminiscent of E. E. Cummings' World War I memoir, *The Enormous Room*, the excerpts are vignettes of army life: the loneliness of a first night in barracks, the sense of class war between officers and men, the comradeship of airmen.

Anthologist Garnett has arranged Lawrence's work in chronological order, to show the growth of the man. But there is something annoying in the title of this collection, and in the idea behind it. The essential T. E. Lawrence is to be found in the entirety of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, in his collection of letters, and perhaps, when it appears, in *The Mint*—not in a paste & scissors job which cuts him up into snippets.

Tales of the Atlantic

CLEAR THE DECKS! (242 pp.)—Daniel V. Gallery—Morrow (\$3.50).

This narrative of World War II might well be called "Tales of the North Atlantic." It is unusual among war memoirs in that its author is a bright, youngish (50) rear admiral of naval aviation with no intention of retiring—he currently com-



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mands a carrier division in the Atlantic and Mediterranean from the flag bridge of the *Coral Sea*.

Dan Gallery started the war as commander of the fleet air base at Reykjavik, Iceland. His relationship with the U.S. Army Air Force was sometimes less than cordial. One day when the Air Force reported 13 German JU-88s on the radar screen and the pips turned out to be twelve ducks, Gallery gleefully asked for full technical details "of this revolutionary development in bombardment aircraft." He also asked what had become of the 13th. Says Gallery: "The colonel made a very silly, unmilitary, and totally impracticable suggestion as to what I could do with that missing duck if I found it."

Overstuffed Iceland. Gallery confides that Iceland wasn't nearly so cold as everybody imagined, but at the time he had no inclination to dispel any illusions. Only the deepest snowdrifts were photographed. That softened the supply officers back in Washington, who, at the whisper of the word "Iceland," scrupulously filled requisitions for pianos, bowling alleys and overstuffed sofas.

After 17 months, Captain Gallery got command of a "jeep" carrier. She had a name to conjure with: *Guadalcanal*—and "I wouldn't swap my cruise as skipper for all the Admirals' stripes in the Navy." One of the *Guadalcanal's* few veterans was a chief boatswain's mate, with 15 years' experience. When Gallery asked him what he thought of the crew—80% of whom had never seen salt water before—the chief said: "Cap'n, I'd swap 'em all for a bucket of oily rags." But the kids (average age 21) learned fast. Gently but firmly, Gallery instilled in them a sense of duty, and of discipline. He taught them that every sailor carries the responsibility for other men's lives—even the captain of the head (who cleaned the toilets)—and he told them yarns to prove it. There was prayer every morning, and not just before battle. "It was poor psychology, as well as bad theology, to wait until we were looking down the enemy gun barrels before starting to pray."

Salvaged Codes. Gallery hoped to get into the Navy's big show, the Pacific, but the *Guadalcanal* was ordered to the Atlantic for antisubmarine duty. Like other aviators, those in Gallery's task group were "notoriously optimistic" in their claims, but they were actually in on the kill of five Nazi submarines. The last of these was the U-505, which became the first foreign man-of-war boarded and captured by U.S. sailors since the *Peacock* took H.M.S. *Nautilus* in the Sunda Strait in 1815. A boarding party from one of Gallery's destroyers leaped aboard just after the Germans abandoned the crippled ship, and just before enough water poured in to sink her.

The documents salvaged from the U-505, says Gallery, enabled Allied intelligence agents to read German sub codes for the last eleven months of the war. In *Clear the Decks!* the story is told in full for the first time, and it makes one of the best adventure tales of the war.

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One Bird Too Many

IN THE ABSENCE OF ANGELS (243 pp.)—Hortense Calisher—Little, Brown (\$3).

Every writer has to look for the bluebird of his own true style, but most of them cage a mockingbird first—and it warbles shamelessly in the accents of others. Hortense Calisher is in the rare situation of having both birds in the cage at once: her first volume of short stories, *In the Absence of Angels*, gives the impression of being an anthology of compositions by disciples of Marcel Proust, George Orwell and Elizabeth Bowen—and one seriously talented writer named Hortense Calisher.

The pseudo-Proust is, all inadvertently, the funniest of Author Calisher's impersonations. In *Point of Departure*, a double soliloquy conducted by the two mem-



Roy Stevens

HORTENSE CALISHER

From the deep old Orwell.

bers of a love affair, the interminable sentences curl so concentrically and wearily that they come to sound like a playback on a run-down phonograph. The Bowenism is a sight more readable. *Letitia Emeritus*, the story of a "backward" girl whose seduction by a prurient old teacher topples a domino-row of calamities, is managed with the firm Bowen wrist and the sure fingering of details. Yet, somehow, though Author Calisher has fingered her characters, she has not felt them, and does not make a reader feel them.

The title story is a bucketful of political satire hauled up from the deep old Orwell. Here, in a prison barracks in suburban New York, on a black night somewhere this side of 1984, sits a U.S. liberal jailed by the Russian conquerors, and remembers how indifferent she was to a poor, underfed little girl back in grammar school; the girl has grown up to be Comrade Hilda Kantrowitz, the public prosecutor.

Such a story, riding pickaback on issues



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of the moment, is carried more by its contemporaneity than by any strength in the author. That strength emerges only in the last six stories in the book, six strong, quiet stories of Jewish family life in the U.S. Here, for the first time, Author Calisher seems really sure of her people and places, and what she feels about them. In the last and best of the stories, *The Middle Drawer*, she searches into the need of a grownup daughter to be reconciled at last to her unsympathetic mother, before the mother dies of cancer. In these, Author Calisher shows that she has more than just a pretty talent for diverting imitations.

Reactionary Old Foggy

FULL CARGO (369 pp.)—Wilbur Daniel Steele—Doubleday (\$3.95).

Most modern short story writers like to keep their tales within easy commuting distance of everyday life. Not so, Wilbur Daniel Steele, 65, who rejoices in being a reactionary and flavorful old foggy. Like Conrad and Maugham, he prefers to clomp a character in the vise of a strange situation, watch him wriggle toward nobility, degradation, or death. At his best, Author Steele can stir a jigger of irony, a dash of adventure, a sprig of the exotic and a pinch of mystery into a tipping good yarn. At his worst, he makes the tricks of Fate look like the hoked-up tricks of the trade.

Full Cargo is a late sifting of good & bad Steele, 19 stories dating from 1918 to the present. Most of the stories have edge; some few also have point. Of these:

Two Seconds pulses with the same eerie beat as Poe's *Tell-Tale Heart*. Its hero is a brilliant young British scholar who has pushed himself into a shaky state of nerves, and taken ship for an American teaching post. At first, John Divine relaxes. During a session of shuffleboard in a heavy sea, Divine's eye roves toward the scuppers and the slit of open space under the lifeboats. In that instant, he sees "a billowing of pink godds" slither over the side, and for "half an awful wink that pinkness seemed . . . to have folds like legs and corners like tiny clutching hands."

When Divine unfreezes and goes on with the game, he knows that "of course he had been dreaming." And besides, what could anyone do? Yet he dabs at his dinner that evening, stumbles away to his cabin in a funk.

Hours later, a ship's officer knocks, "We're missing a child, sir. A little girl." Mumbles Divine: "I saw something, but not a child, naturally. It was a scarf." The lie starts pounding in his skull, but when he finally blurts out the truth to the grieving mother, she treats it as a ruse to stop her harried search. By the time Author Steele has applied the last turn of the screw to Divine's conscience, the poor fellow is babbling insanely from a hospital cot.

The Black Road is a reminder that prodigal sons rarely change their spots. It takes Pa Ederly a minute to recognize the jazy-looking lad who has walked into his



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2. "I THOUGHT this fireproof building was a guarantee of protection. I didn't know buildings like this only wall-in and intensify a blaze that starts inside an office."



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PIONEER IN THE ART OF
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

general store. Then his eyes blink back the tears. "Well, I—I see you've grown some. But then, you do grow some between 15 and 23." Before the day is out, Prodigal Son Davie is acting like a new broom, ordering the store front painted bright red, plate glass for the big window, the latest finery for his mother.

But when Davie starts raving about the roadside diner he can buy for \$300, and spouting the combination and cash contents of the rickety old safe, Pa Ederly's eyes blink without tears. Pretending a fear of robbers, Pa and the family stoke the safe with \$300. "Given money, wheedled money, is always back to wheedle again," Pa muses. "With taken money it's a different story; it goes and stays." That night, as the rest huddle sadly near an upstairs window, Davie skeddaddles with the loot, goes "to make his million, down the black road."

Sooth is a tale of the occult, its hero a colored roustabout seaman fleeing the vio-



WILBUR DANIEL STEELE
With a high-powered rifle.

lent end predicted for him by a "conjeh-woman." He switches from ship to ship and alias to alias. But always he hears the words of the soothsayer: "Wha'-foh you big teef shinin' to the sky? How come all this heah bullet-blood runnin' outen yoh skull-pate all ovveh the groun'?"

One evening when his rumrunner is at anchor off a North Atlantic beach, he sees two seals romping in the moonlit waters. He slips over the side, soon feels more kinship with their sleek, black, shiny forms than he has ever felt with humans. Nearing shore, man and seals edge up on some rocks to rest. On shore, a bored young miss with a high-powered rifle is waiting to pot the seals and collect a new thrill. Two shots crack, but the Negro hears only the first, because "his head had caved in . . . And so it was true and doubly true that what the soothsayer had said was sooth."



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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK... IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC



MISCELLANY

Rate of Exchange. Near Seoul, Korea, the U.S. Army's 568th Ordnance Co. decided to cancel a \$580 contract with the Sam Whan construction firm to repair its boiler, because its own Korean carpenter had already done the job for 2½¢.

The Good Thief. In Atlanta, after a watch and two rings disappeared from the Rev. George W. Jordan's home, he held a special service at his church, gave his flock a fiery sermon on "The Sin of Robbery," later found the stolen goods on his doorstep.

Triol Run. In Santa Clara, Calif., Jackie Cambra, 6, started down his chimney, got stuck, finished the trip with aid from firemen, wrote to Santa Claus: "Use the front door or window."

Collective Woes. In Detroit, Mrs. Dorothy Van Dorn, suing for divorce, complained that her husband 1) put all their food in a freezer, 2) kept the freezer locked, 3) made her pay for any food she ate, and 4) also charged her the 3% Michigan sales tax.

Shortcut. In Springfield, Mass., a thief rushed up to Pedestrian Dennis Kneeland, snipped off part of his necktie, missed by an inch getting his \$150 diamond stickpin.

The Wild Grey Yonder. In Atlanta, Department Store Manager Charles Jagels got an order for five Confederate caps from five U.S. Air Force officers in Korea, accepted their remittance of a \$10 Confederate bill.

Armaments Race. In Chicago, cops nabbed Michael White, 17, on his way to visit his girl friend at a home for juvenile delinquents, relieved him of 1) three pistols, 2) a bayonet, 3) 22 rounds of ammunition, 4) six switchblade knives.

They Also Serve . . . In Washington, D.C., a hand reached through the window and helped itself to \$81 from the table of Gertrude Hill, who was counting the proceeds from the Helping Hand Club's bazaar.

The Best Policy. In Hot Springs, Ark., after Moonshiner Martin Kizzar hunted up a tax collector and paid \$73.50 on a batch of homemade whiskey, he was arrested for making illegal liquor, put on probation by the judge, who ruled that Kizzar was too honest to be jailed.

Bartered Bride. In Maria Stein, Austria, when Farmer Matthias Volker's betrothed said no at the altar, he turned to the guests, asked for a volunteer, was quickly taken up by his faithful ex-housekeeper.

The Other Power. In St. Louis, the Atlas Manpower Co. advertised in its window: "Women Wanted."



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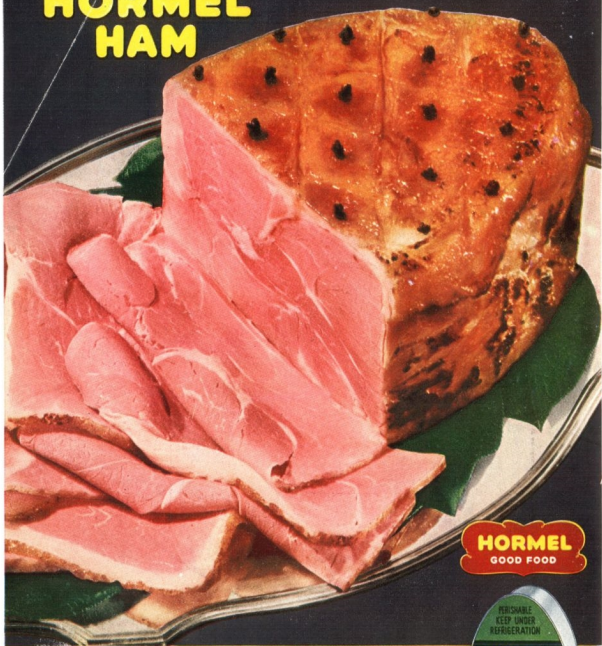
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